

NOVEMBER 28, 1988



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**J.F.K.'s ASSASSINATION: WHO WAS
THE REAL TARGET?**



**Twenty-five years later, a new book argues
Oswald was actually out to get John Connally**



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



COVER: Was John Connally the real target in the Kennedy assassination?

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Excerpts from a forthcoming book suggest that Lee Harvey Oswald, angry at the downgrading of his Marine discharge, was out to get the Governor of Texas, not J.F.K. ► Twenty-five years after the assassination, the trendy conspiracy theory is that the Mafia used Oswald to stop the Kennedy brothers' war on crime. ► Hugh Sidey recalls the shattering day that started with cheers and ended in mourning.



NATION: The markets read George Bush's lips and send him a message: there'll be no honeymoon

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As the dollar drops and the Dow plunges, the President-elect begins to assemble a team that he hopes can stop the slide.

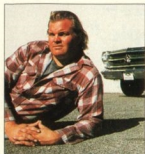
► Nine sub-Cabinet jobs that will make a real difference on trade, foreign policy and the environment. ► Louisiana's Bennett Johnston, a leading contender for Senate majority leader, says Bush's economic plan is "absolute nonsense."



WORLD: Nationalist movements in the Baltic republics and Armenia pose dramatic challenges for the Soviet Union

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In Estonia, advocates of increased local autonomy risk a collision with Moscow over the limits of mutual sovereignty. In Armenia, anger continues to rise over the status of the ethnic minority in Azerbaijan. ► Benazir Bhutto wins the vote, but will she get to govern Pakistan? ► P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat declares a Palestinian state in the West Bank.



BUSINESS: Shocks from a California insurance quake

Voters who approved a rollback in auto premiums may inspire a wider revolt. ▶ Why Ross Johnson's overreaching grab for RJR Nabisco infuriates his board of directors.

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PROFILE: A global media merchant expands his empire

To critics, billionaire publishing baron Robert Maxwell is a capricious, blustering egotist. He is also a cunning entrepreneur who has now added Macmillan to his growing U.S. stake.

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TRAVEL: Death to discounts, say the airlines

Flush with success and growing demand, the major carriers raise their most popular discount fares. Business travelers took the first hit, but vacationers will suffer as well.

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PRESS: Who's in charge of American newsrooms?

Stormy resignations in Atlanta and Boston raise concerns that the traditional division between a newspaper's business and editorial departments is beginning to blur.

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CINEMA: Dickens' novels inspire three new films

His works can fit any format: modern comedy (Bill Murray in *Scrooged*), musical cartoon (the Disney gang's *Oliver & Company*) or period piece (Christine Edzard's daunting six hours of *Little Dorrit*).

92



FOOD: Americans can be thankful for a cornucopia of new and tempting cookbooks

Despite restaurant fever and the rage for prepared foods, home cooking appears to be safe in the U.S., as publishers invest in a whole new crop of recipe books. This year's harvest features American standards, with emphasis shifting from the Southwest to the Pacific Northwest, and the specialties of Asia and the Balkans.

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HEALTH: Breaking the "can't do" barrier

With high spirits and high technology, the disabled are proving that they can succeed at virtually every sport, from cycling and scuba diving to rock climbing and rafting.

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Cover:

Frame from film by
Abraham Zapruder

Letters

BUSH'S VICTORY

"We now know where George was—in the hearts of the American people."

Ellie Dillon, St. Louis

George Bush is the key reason for the G.O.P.'s dominance—he represents the mainstream of political thought [THE ELECTION, Nov. 21]. The Republicans mirror it, while the Democrats ignore it by nominating liberal candidates and giving them a national soapbox.

Francis E. Zimniuch
Erial, N.J.

The "L" word has apparently suffered a sea change. It no longer stands for "liberal"; it has become "loser."

Dorothy S. Heflick
St. Petersburg

The Republican Party knows exactly which buttons to push when it comes to the American electorate. You can bet that in 1992 the Democrat who is nominated for President will automatically be accused of being soft on crime, weak on defense, pro-tax and a big spender. If the Democrats expect ever to win again, they had better be prepared to defuse these predictable allegations.

Stephen Van Eck
Exton, Pa.

After all the Bush bashing and the Quayle ridiculing that took place, we now know where George was—in the hearts of the American people. Congratulations, President-elect Bush!

Ellie Dillon
St. Louis

Let's see, how does it go? "You can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time"—and enough of the people in 1988 to elect George Bush.

Judith Weglarski
Three Springs, Pa.

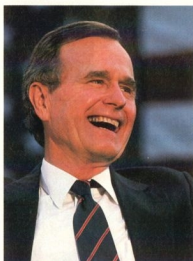
Senator Edward Kennedy has now received the answer to his question "Where was George?" He was on his way to the White House.

Gerald L. Andrus
New Orleans

The Teflon has been passed.

Thomas J. Kerr
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

The American people have decided against prison furloughs, civil liberties, education, the homeless, the environment



and morality in Government. I can only trust that in the next four years we will realize that decisions like this are costly for our future.

Trish Benoit-Rudden
Mendon, Mass.

I hope Bush stays very, very healthy.

Robert van Buuren
Fort Bragg, Calif.

Death of a Narc

The story of U.S. drug agent Enrique ("Kiki") Camarena's abominable murder is told too simplistically [EXCERPT, Nov. 7]. It has become just another confrontation between good guys (Americans) and bad guys (Mexicans). Hundreds of Mexican narcotics agents and soldiers have died fighting drug barons. What we need is an objective assessment of the problem.

Daniel Reséndiz
Pittsburgh

Camarena's death is particularly tragic in view of the repeated warnings he and his colleagues gave embassy officials and bosses in Washington about the involvement of high-ranking Mexican officials in the drug business. No agent should have to put his life on the line; the stakes are too high, the deaths too grim. Continually spending money on eradication and interdiction programs in other countries will obviously not work if there is government

complicity. Increasing the number of drug-treatment and prevention programs in this country is the only answer.

Caroleen Williams
Washington

We are losing the drug war for the same reason we were defeated in Viet Nam. While our frontline troops are doing all they can, our rear echelon is being careful not to step on toes. The result is delayed decisions and the withholding of needed help.

Bob Kingsley
New York City

We may pardon those miserable wretches who grew up in deplorable environments and anesthetize themselves with drugs. But as for spoiled-brat athletes, pseudo-sophisticated actors and actresses, addle-headed yuppies and others who feel that using cocaine and smoking pot are the things to do: U.S. drug agent Kiki Camarena died for your sins.

Len Colson
Plymouth, Minn.

Affirmative-Action Exams

I do not approve of the brothers Philip and Paul Malone falsifying their second applications to the Boston fire department by declaring they are black [NATION, Oct. 31]. However, their deception and eventual downfall highlight the absurdity of this type of affirmative action. Why institutionalize a program that assumes minority applicants cannot score as well as whites on exams and therefore do not have to? Why should the police and fire departments and other municipal services set employee minimum standards for some employees, when all are charged with the responsibility for the welfare and safety of the public?

James Hodges
Atlanta

Allowing low scorers to become part of any public service because of their color seriously jeopardizes the public welfare. We need the most highly trained and highly skilled people we can get. This goes for fire fighters and police especially. This kind of affirmative-action program is insulting to everyone.

Leah Nutting
New York City

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Breaking the "Can't Do" Barrier

The disabled are challenging all limits with pluck and high tech

Every avid golfer has a "handicap," but Steve Gandy has a real one. An insurance agent in Van, Texas, the 36-year-old Gandy has no hands. He lost them in an accident 14 years ago, and has to hold his clubs with metal prostheses. Still, Gandy often heads for the links and shoots a respectable 85 or so for 18 holes. Debbie La Plante, 21, a sophomore at the University of Toledo, enjoys racing in marathons. Her best time in the grueling 26.2-mile

tional stereotype of passivity is broken."

Support groups are springing up all over. The National Handicapped Sports and Recreation Association has grown from 20 to 60 chapters in the past six years. The Achilles Track Club for disabled runners, started in 1982, has 25 chapters in 14 states. Special programs and events, sponsored by such groups as the U.S. Amputee Athletic Association and the National Wheelchair Athletic

pressurized tires, they are sleek and maneuverable chariots, weighing a mere 10 lbs. Space-age plastics and other materials have made artificial legs and feet lighter, stronger, more flexible and resilient, and much more comfortable to wear. At least six models of prosthetic feet are available (cost: \$500 to \$2,000 each). When amputee Jim MacLaren, 25, of New Haven, Conn., participates in triathlons, he wears a different type of artificial leg for the biking and running segments. He swims without a prosthesis.

As such aids become more sophisticated, many handicapped athletes have begun comparing their performances with those of their able-bodied competitors.



Sharon Hedrick wins an exhibition race in Seoul

event is 3 hr. 31 min. That may not be a world record, but it is impressive enough for someone who was born with spina bifida, is paralyzed from the waist down and races in a wheelchair. *Ski Racing* magazine named Diana Golden, 25, the U.S. Alpine Skier of 1988 for her unusual skill and courage. Golden, who at age twelve lost a leg to cancer, schusses down slopes on a single ski.

Such inspiring stories, once unheard of, are increasingly common these days. Just a decade ago, the physically handicapped were consigned by doctors, families and themselves to a life hemmed in by "can't dos." Today they are challenging all limits and proving they can succeed in virtually every sport. About 50,000 disabled Americans, from amputees and the blind to those with spinal-cord injuries or cerebral palsy, are taking up everything from cycling and scuba diving to rock climbing and rafting. That is still a small fraction of the 37 million handicapped in the U.S. But, declares Dave Kiley, 34, of Pomona, Calif., a star wheelchair-basketball player, "the tradi-



Achilles founder Traum runs in Manhattan

Association, are burgeoning. In October, 376 Americans went to Seoul to compete in the eighth Paralympics Games for handicapped athletes. And the disabled are also entering competitions alongside the able-bodied. This month's New York City Marathon attracted some 100 handicapped racers. Says Achilles founder Dick Traum, 48, an amputee: "It's fun to do things that seem to be impossible."

The growing movement is being helped by dramatic advances in equipment and prostheses. Says Kirk Bauer, executive director of NHSRA: "The top is literally being blown off of what we can do because of the new high-tech equipment." Ten years ago, wheelchairs were unwieldy 50-lb. clunkers. Now, thanks to lightweight steel alloys and thin high-



Bob Wieland competes in a triathlon in Hawaii

But some people are concerned that the disabled may be pushing too hard, embracing activities such as rock climbing and marathon running that are extreme even for the healthy. Handicapped athletes have to expend up to 50% more energy in an event than the unimpaired do.

Some organizations are trying to play down what NHSRA's Bauer calls the "super-gimp" image and are promoting sports for general fitness, recreation and sociability. But many of the handicapped need more than a pastime. For them, every obstacle hurdled is a measure of self-respect, competence and independence. Zoe Koplowitz, 40, has multiple sclerosis, yet she completed her first marathon this month. Her time in the New York race: 19 hr. 15 min. To prepare for running, she attended dance classes to develop a rhythmic gait, then took lessons in aikido to learn how to get up after a fall. The effort was worth it, says Koplowitz. "Now, every time I put my foot on the pavement it is an affirmation of life."

—By Anastasia Tufexis.

Reported by Sam Maddox/Denver and Sue Rafferty/New York



Harry Selker, M.D.
Boston, Massachusetts

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American Scene

Chicago

Make Me a Perfect Match

An executive searcher selects mates for the busy lovelorn

BY DAVID BRAND

The other morning a very anxious woman called an office in downtown Chicago with a request that any mother could understand. "I want to get him out of the house," she said. "He's a nice boy. A doctor. But he's 38, for goodness' sake." The answer, of course, is to find that nice doctor a bride. And that is exactly what Heather Stern is in business to do: she is a matchmaker, '80s style.

Admittedly, this mother's request was unusual. But Stern's seven-year-old Chicago company, Personal Profiles, takes most problems to its bosom in its quest to find a spouse for each of its 1,650 clients, ranging from architects and artists to lawyers and engineers. This is not your matchmaker of old, Yente of *Fiddler on the Roof* or the garrulous busybody of *Crossing Delancey*, the sort of woman who knows her potential lovebirds like a good breeder knows horseflesh. Stern, who is a svelte 39, says her matchmaking is far more sophisticated and scientific; more, she says, like the methods used by an executive search firm. As evidence, she boasts of more than 100 marriages and no divorces. Hopeful brides and bridegrooms are probed for their creditworthiness, their job history and their marital status. Appearance and habits are carefully noted: Does he bite his nails? Does she have bad teeth? They are prodded for their likes and dislikes: Does he like reggae? Does she like Rostropovich? "I try to introduce two people who are so similar to each other that when the going gets rough, they can fall back on their similarities. If a client likes to sail, he's a poor match for a woman who gets seasick."



Such is vanity that Stern's clients sometimes have unrealistic visions of the sort of person they could reasonably expect to attract as a mate. "We had this gentleman, very bright but average looking, certainly no Tom Selleck, and he described someone who looked like Farrah Fawcett. Well, there's no way. Only a 10 can ask for a 10." That means compromise, as one of Stern's clients, whom we

posed to come naturally? The answer is dismally simple. "They are just too busy. If you are working 60 to 80 hours a week, there is very little time to go out hunting. Single people have organized their lives to get what they want: the good education, the condo, the car. Then one day they say, Gee, I want to be married. So they hire a consultant like me to help them. They can't buy love really—but kind of."

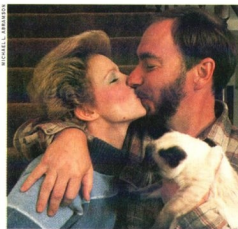
The idea is hardly new. The origins of matchmaking go back to antiquity, springing from the custom, once common in Europe and the Orient, of arranged marriages. Even today in the U.S. the Old World custom persists: Manhattan marriage broker Dan Field says he is often consulted by parents who want him to arrange a match for their children. But what is becoming more common in the U.S. is the gold-card match-

maker for the affluent among those 43 million unmarried Americans between 18 and 44. "Across America," says San Francisco matchmaker Barbara Tackett, "there are people making \$35,000 a year who will pay \$3,500 to a matchmaker without blinking an eye."

There is the inevitable criticism that "this is a fakey way to meet," admits Stern, "because love should hit you like a lightning bolt." Well, she insists, it doesn't. "The chances of meeting somebody nowadays in urban areas who is real suitable for you and who is going to be on your level in terms of intelligence and your life goals has got to be 1 in 1,000." Pamela Lloyd, a 30-year-old M.B.A. at a Chicago corporate real estate services firm, agrees.

"It's hit or miss. All the men I met couldn't accept intelligence in a woman or that she might be making more money than they were." In desperation she went to Personal Profiles. Her first six dates had "no chemistry," but then she met railroad engineer William Lloyd, 40. Both are Roman Catholics and avid environmentalists, shared beliefs that helped produce sparks, resulting in their marriage last April. Says Pamela: "Bill met all of my criteria."

The idea that sharing makes good pairing came to Stern during four years of observing marital customs in Taiwan,



Pamela and William Lloyd discover "chemistry," as concocted by their matchmaker Heather Stern, above

"One day they say, Gee, I want to be married . . . They can't buy love really—but kind of."

will call Lucy, quickly found. She was 37 and divorced and was after the sort of man who sets hearts pounding on *L.A. Law*. She was introduced to Nigel, who was pleasant in every way, except, oh, horror, he was bald, and Lucy's vision of a dreamboat did not include an absence of hair. At first she was cold to Nigel's advances. But gradually her heart warmed, and last December they were married.

Why, it might reasonably be asked, would people pay Stern \$1,450 for a 24-month effort to find them a mate, rather than doing for themselves what is sup-

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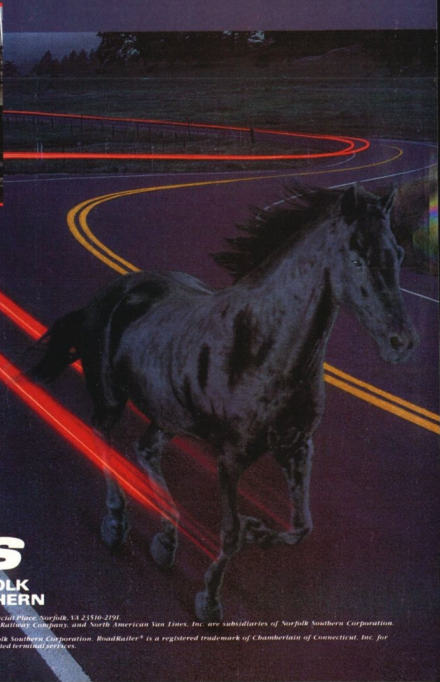
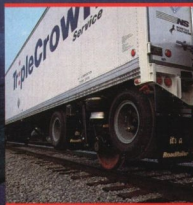
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American Scene

where her then husband was working for a U.S. bank. A native of Scotland and a graduate of the University of Aberdeen, she had met her future husband, an American, while studying in France. She returned to the U.S. from Taiwan in 1976 and, following her divorce, enrolled in law school in Chicago and later joined a law firm. In early 1982 she opened Personal Profiles. "In Taiwan the matchmaking philosophy was that love would grow and be based on respect and comfort, that you don't necessarily have to have an ongoing sexual passion in marriage."

Every month Stern, who herself was married this year, spends a week selecting possible matches for her clients, trying to find a pattern of likenesses, rather like assembling a multidimensional jigsaw puzzle. Much of the rest of her time is spent advising on anxieties of the heart: most members are very definite about a potential partner's height, build and age. Already members have gone through a fairly rigorous selection process: they must have incomes over \$30,000 a year (unless they are students) and have a university degree (self-made people excepted). All are questioned about sexual diseases, particularly AIDS, although no tests are required. Some face automatic rejection—the obese, chain smokers and women over 60—because, says Stern, "we simply don't have people to match them with."

Even after each client has received the names of two matches, Stern and her staff of six do not abandon the libido to take its wobbly course. Hopeful marriage mates are given coaching to learn the finer points of courtship ("Packaging Yourself for Marriage," "Getting Past First Base"). "Men and women constantly complain about mixed signals," says Stern. "The men accuse women of agreeing to a second date, then never returning calls. The women say, 'Why do they always say I'll call you, when they don't mean it?' We tell all our clients: tell the truth."

She is particularly hard on many career women, who, she says, "have no idea how to connect with a man in an intimate relationship. They want to be on a pedestal and have everything done for them. A surprisingly large number of women who are liberated and successful in business are not that way in dating because they have learned from their mothers to be passive and indirect."

Stern is much kinder about her male clients, who, it seems, are somewhat old hat in actually "trying to please women in dating and courtship." They are shocked, she says, when women they are introduced to "come on too strong sexually." She recalls one thoroughly offended man blurring after his first date: "She jumped me." And women are complaining there are no decent men left out there? ■

P.O. Box 2463
Birmingham, Alabama 35201

From the Publisher

During an interview on *60 Minutes* last year that included talk about his presidential aspirations, CBS's Diane Sawyer reminded George Bush that Michael Kramer, one of the nation's savviest political journalists, had once suggested the Vice President was a wimp. Replied Bush, who rarely singles out reporters for attack: "You know Michael Kramer? He'll never play linebacker for the Chicago Bears. You ever seen him?" Kramer, 43, may never rush down Soldier Field, but last week he joined *TIME*'s team as special correspondent. His first piece for the magazine, an analysis of the new Administration's coming conflicts with Congress, appears in this week's Nation section.

A political science major at Amherst College and a graduate of Columbia Law School, Kramer brings an impressive amount of journalistic yardage to *TIME*. He spent more than a decade as an editor and political writer for *New York* magazine, and his weekly column on national affairs was often quoted by other journals. He did a short stint as publisher of the paperback house Berkley Books. In the mid-1970s, Kramer was editor and publisher of *More*, a lively journalism review. Most recently he served as chief political correspondent for *U.S. News & World Report*.



Playing for a new team: Michael Kramer

"He'll never play linebacker for the Chicago Bears," Bush said.

Although busy with the demands of magazine journalism and with his marriage to Kimba Wood, a federal judge, Kramer has found time to co-write two books: *The Ethnic Factor: How America's Minorities Decide Elections* and *I Never Wanted to Be Vice-President of Anything!*, a biography of Nelson Rockefeller. "I've known Michael a long time," says chief of correspondents John Stacks. "He's one of the most energetic, intelligent and assiduous reporters around. He's endlessly curious."

Kramer's inquisitiveness will serve *TIME*'s readers well, and not only on politics. He will range around the magazine, writing about national and international affairs, and contributing to sections like Profile, Interview and Essay. Kramer says he might even be persuaded to write about the Chicago Bears. Or George Bush, with whom he is getting along much better these days. About the only thing that does not interest Kramer is the Law section. Says he: "Law school cured me." The loss to jurisprudence, not to mention to the Bears, is our gain.

Robert L. Miller

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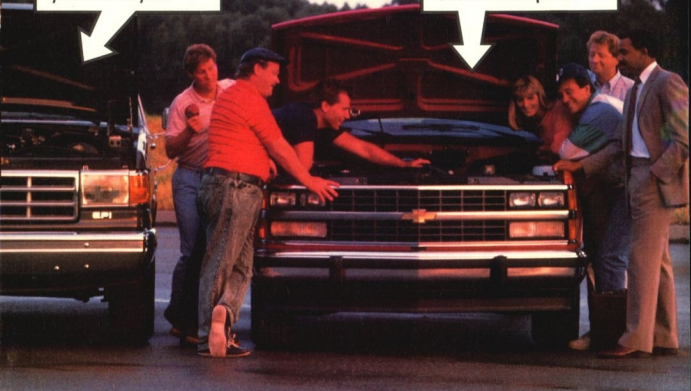
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Show of independence: breaking away from some advisers, Bush anointed the combative Sununu as chief of staff

AP/WIDEWORLD

Nation

TIME/NOVEMBER 28, 1988

The Markets Vote

As Bush builds his team, the dollar and the stock exchange send a strong signal: forget the slogans and start curing the deficits

BY MICHAEL DUFFY AND DAN GOODGAME



George Bush did not expect a honeymoon, but he did not get even the quiet Florida fishing weekend he had hoped for. Just after American voters overwhelmingly chose him over Michael Dukakis, the world's financial markets sent Bush a message of their own: the Dow Jones industrial average plunged 75 points, followed by the dollar's drop to near postwar lows against the yen. Investors who had sat quietly through candidate Bush's repeated taunts to Congress to "Read my lips—no new taxes"

decided that President-elect Bush had no convincing plan to cut the nation's towering trade and budget deficits. As the slide started, Bush hastily convened a seaside press conference to reassure nervous markets. With Atlantic waves crashing behind him, he allowed that his new burdens made him feel a bit "shell shocked," adding, "The problems are tremendous."

This dose of reality comes with Ronald Reagan still President and the Inauguration two months away. Yet Bush and his nascent team are already being held responsible for the direction of a debt-ridden economy. Bush moved quickly, while stressing continuity: after announcing on

the day after his election that his close friend James Baker would be Secretary of State, he tapped Nicholas Brady to remain as Treasury Secretary. Bush promised to name the rest of his economic team promptly and hold budget talks with congressional leaders before his Inauguration; he started Friday by having lunch with House Speaker Jim Wright. But all the while, Bush clung to his conviction, shared by Brady, that the economy could grow its way out of the deficit without new taxes or serious spending cuts. "Our most important priority is to keep our economy growing with low inflation," he said. "We must resist the policies that will impede

Nov. 8
Election Day

The day
before the
election,
the dollar
was worth
124.53 yen...

Nov. 7

that effort, such as raising taxes."

That repeat version of Reagan's 1981 rosy scenario came under fire from Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan, who told the National Economic Commission on Wednesday that the supply-side approach was "fanciful" and implied that Bush's "flexible freeze" plan for reducing the budget would not work. "If we do not act promptly," said Greenspan, "the imbalances in the economy are such that the effects of the deficit will be increasingly felt and with some immediacy."

Within hours, the markets echoed that skepticism, accelerating the dollar's fall to a low rate of 121.52 yen. Improved trade figures did not stanch the bleeding; the damage was halted only by the purchase of \$5 billion by foreign central banks, led by the Bank of Japan. Noted John Williamson, a senior fellow at Washington's Institute of International Economics: "Foreign investors are not happy. They read Bush's lips too."

In other ways as well, the world showed that it will not wait for Bush's Inauguration. British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, in Washington for vaudeville visits to Reagan, took Bush aside to voice their concerns about the U.S. economy. (Thatcher, interestingly, spent as much time with Greenspan as with Bush.) Meanwhile, Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev, in yet another deft diplomatic thrust, announced that he would make a surprise visit to the United Nations next month. The President and President-elect ruled out any impromptu superpower bargaining. Still, complained a senior Bush foreign policy adviser, "we're already being expected to govern. It isn't fair, but we aren't able to ignore those expectations."

Bush generated further friction as he assembled his governing team. Just as the capital anointed James Baker as de facto deputy President, Bush broke away from his old friend and campaign manager. Against Baker's advice, he passed over his current lieutenant, Craig Fuller, 37, for the job of White House chief of staff and turned to an outsider, New Hampshire Governor John Sununu, 49. Fuller, who had served Bush for four years, responded by quitting.

Baker had preferred that Bush appoint a trioka consisting of Fuller, Sununu and campaign pollster Bob Teeter, who



A stress on continuity: Baker will head State while Brady remains at Treasury

"We're already being expected to govern," complained a Bush aide. "It isn't fair."

together would bring the necessary Washington experience, negotiating ability and personal clout to the job—much like Reagan's first-term team of Baker, Michael Deaver and Ed Meese. But Bush was determined to show his independence. While some members of the transition team seemed thrilled to see the President-elect make a bold decision, others recalled that Bush was not always at his best on his own. Said a skeptical adviser: "There was a lot about this week that was reminiscent of the Dan Quayle episode."

But Sununu is no Dan Quayle. A seasoned and quick-witted political street fighter, he is respected as crafty, tough and stubborn. An M.I.T.-trained engineer and nuclear-power enthusiast who is completing his third term as Governor, he holds a deep conservatism that is both economic and social. Sununu helped turn around Bush's flagging campaign during the New Hampshire primary, when he urged the Vice President to emphasize his "no new taxes" pledge. The Governor then served as the campaign's top Dukakis basher, shadowing his Massachusetts counterpart and ridiculing him. Some Bush aides are concerned that the combative Sununu may run roughshod over Washington's more swollen and tender egos. Sununu, however, pledged to work warmly with Congress, purring with a Cheshire smile, "I'm a pussycat."

From the moment Sununu's appointment leaked last week, it drew fire from supporters of Israel who were troubled by his refusal in 1986 to join the 49 other Governors in signing a proclamation condemning a 1975 U.N. resolution that equated Zionism with racism. Sununu, whose father is Lebanese, mollified critics with the explanation that he later recognized his mistake and supported the strongly pro-Israel plank in the 1988 Republican platform. "One learns from what goes on," he acknowledged. The flak

aimed at Sununu spurred Bush to accelerate by 24 hours his tapping of the chief of staff, after which the criticism subsided.

Sununu's reputation as a fierce opponent of new taxes will not reassure the financial markets about Bush's ability to cure the deficit. Nor will the appointment, expected this week, of the author of Bush's flexible-freeze plan, Stanford economist Michael Boskin, to head the Council of Economic Advisers. If the next Administration will not support new taxes, even for the rich, it must slash into defense (where Bush has vowed to pursue plans for new carrier battle groups and nuclear missiles) and into middle-class entitlement programs like Social Security and farm subsidies (which Bush has promised to protect). As President, Bush will also face urgent new multibillion-dollar spending requirements to salvage the bankrupt savings and loan industry and rebuild the nation's defective nuclear-fuels plants. As a practical matter, his "kinder, gentler" promises for better funding of child care, national parks and college-tuition programs may have to wait.

For the moment, Bush must at least signal that he recognizes his budget dilemma. He will probably name the rest of his economic team before departing for his vacation home in Kennebunkport, Me., for Thanksgiving weekend. The biggest question is whether former Reagan Treasury official and Baker protégé Richard Darman will be named to head the



Office of Management and Budget. A respected investment banker, Darman at OMB would please the markets, but he might seem too independent to meet Bush's exacting standards of loyalty.

Bush is also scheduled to name two members to the bipartisan National Economic Commission, which is seeking ways to balance the budget. Although he scorned the committee during the campaign as a stalking horse for a tax increase, he could encourage its work by

appointing pragmatists rather than supply-side theorists. Another signal to the markets might come from Bush's choice of a Defense Secretary, since he must decide whether he wants a skilled politician or a disciplined manager. Among the finalists: former Texas Senator John Tower, who has strong ties to defense contractors, and Paul O'Neill, chief executive of Alcoa and a former OMB deputy.

With these choices and others, Bush is quickly discovering, as John F. Kenne-

dy put it, that it is "much easier to give the speeches than to make the judgments." Bush won the White House by promising no new taxes, no significant spending cuts—no pain. Now he has moved into the world of knuckle-biting trade-offs and compromise. Having spent much of his adult life striving to be President, George Bush finally is getting his chance to act like one—and sooner than he expected. —*With reporting by Richard Hornik/Washington*

Nine Jobs to Watch

While most of the attention is focusing on appointments to prestigious positions in the White House and Cabinet, many of the Administration's new policies will be shaped by a less visible layer of sub-Cabinet officials. Bush's choices for these little-known but powerful posts could foreshadow his decisions on urgent issues that are certain to crop up over the next four years. What to watch for:



Under Secretary of Defense for Acquisition. A double whammy is in store for the new occupant of this post, created two years ago to coordinate and streamline the world's biggest purchasing program (\$160 billion a year). A federal grand

jury is expected soon to indict up to a dozen defense contractors, consultants and former Pentagon officials for fraud. Moreover, budgetary pressures will force the nation's No. 1 shopper to prune as much as \$400 billion from purchases over the next five years. One indication of how difficult the job can be: Richard Godwin, the first man to hold it, quit after only a year.



Under Secretary of Treasury for Finance. One out of every six savings and loans has gone bankrupt, and the Treasury Under Secretary will have to concoct a plan to raise \$60 billion to bail them out. In his spare time he will oversee the so-called Baker Plan for easing the Third World debt crisis and coordinate efforts to steady the unstable dollar.



Administrator of the Health Care Financing Administration. With the annual federal health-care tab at more than \$140 billion and increasing at more than twice the rate of inflation, the overseer of Medicare and Medicaid will have to perform surgery to contain costs. Doctors are already howling over caps on fees, and the National Leadership Commission on Health Care, which found that billions of dollars are wasted annually on services that are not needed and do not work, has just recommended further cuts. The burgeoning long-term medical needs of an expanding elderly population further complicate the job.



Assistant Attorney General for Antitrust. Even some big-time investment bankers are wincing at the turmoil created by the megamergers that took place under the Reagan Administration's relaxed custody of the antitrust laws. This prosecutor will have to decide if there is such a thing as a merger that is too big, and if so, how to chop it down to size.



Assistant EPA Administrator for Solid Waste and Emergency Response. Bush has promised to

do a better job on the environment, which after eight years of not so benign neglect needs attention fast. The new boss of the \$8.5 billion Superfund will be caught between environmentalists, outraged that only a fraction of the 1,177 highly contaminated sites on the agency's list were cleaned up under Reagan, and corporations balked at paying for it. On top of that, this administrator will have to find inventive ways to keep medical syringes and other noxious debris from washing up on the nation's beaches.



Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. This was a sleepy backwater at State until

the combative Elliott Abrams took over in 1985. Bush's selection will indicate whether he will keep pursuing military support for the Nicaraguan *contras* or try more diplomatic approaches to influence the Sandinista regime. Other big items: developing a strategy for fighting Latin drug lords, bolstering the feeble governments of El Salvador and Honduras, and figuring out how to deal with Panamanian strongman Manuel Antonio Noriega, who remains under indictment in the U.S.



U.S. Trade Representative. Last week's numbers notwithstanding, the trade deficit remains a major threat to the domestic economy. The next trade rep, with fast-track negotiating powers, will face a thorny round of talks with members of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade and the need to continue pressing Japan and other U.S. trading partners to open more of their markets to American exporters.



Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights.

Reagan's man, William Bradford Reynolds, outraged minorities by breaking the Justice Department's long-standing alliance with civil rights organizations. The new appointee could help the G.O.P. lure nonwhite voters by reversing Reynolds' opposition to affirmative-action quotas. One key decision: whether the Administration should side with civil rights groups in opposing any rollback on discrimination suits brought under the Civil Rights Act of 1866 when the issue is argued before the Supreme Court next year.



Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Land and Minerals Management. Known by critics as the

Assistant Secretary for Oil, this official will help decide whether to continue such controversial Reagan policies as the sale of wilderness areas and extension of oil-drilling rights off the coasts and Alaska's North Slope, and whether to open up the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge to development. —*By Margaret Carlson/Washington*

Congress Has Lips Too

The Senate's stubborn Democrats get ready for Bush

BY MICHAEL KRAMER



J. Bennett Johnston has a message for George Bush. Stripped of the sweet words whispered to any new President during his honeymoon, the bad news is this: Read my lips. You go first.

"The deficit is a time bomb with a lighted fuse," says Johnston, the senior Senator from Louisiana. "Bush's tendered solution, his 'flexible freeze,' is déjà vu all over again. The idea that we can grow our way out of this mess is absolute nonsense. If Bush really believes he can do what has to be done without cutting into entitlements and defense and without raising at least some taxes, then he's smoking something. And if he thinks we Democrats are going to drag him kicking and screaming into taxland and take all the heat alone, then he's dreaming as well as smoking."

Johnston's is more than merely another voice added to an already deafening chorus. He is a leading power in a body that will be controlled by the Democrats 55 to 45, a Senate that promises Bush greater resistance than Ronald Reagan ever faced. Few if any Senators believe Bush's content-free campaign won him a mandate. And none believe Bush possesses the communications skills that permitted Reagan to pitch successful appeals beyond Congress for public support.

Johnston is also running a highly visible race for majority leader in an election to be held next Tuesday. His prospects are impossible to determine—the ballot is secret and double crosses are common. But even if he loses to George Mitchell or Daniel Inouye, the other contenders, Johnston's opinions on a range of issues are significant. As a Southern moderate, Johnston is the kind of Senator Bush needs if his programs are to have any hope of passage. And unwavering as he is by Bush, Johnston fairly reflects the mood of Congress. "Bush should consider the possibility that [we will] keep his promises for him," says New York Democrat Pat Moynihan, reportedly among those supporting Mitchell for majority leader. "And that would destroy his presidency."

The Democrats don't much care how Bush retreats from his no-tax, no-cuts campaign promise, as long as he does so.

"The most statesmanlike thing to do in politics," says Johnston, "is to tell the truth during a campaign. After you've concluded that you can't win that way, the second most statesmanlike thing is to borrow from Earl Long and tell the people you lied." Johnston doesn't expect Bush to ape Long, but he does expect him "to set the stage and move by degrees. At some point, possibly under the cover of

budget stalemate develops because both the President and Congress hang tough, mandated Gramm-Rudman reductions will force an estimated \$40 billion in cuts. Defense, the area Bush most wants to protect, will take half of that blow.

Johnston scoffs at Bush's support for the Pentagon's gold-plated weapons. "The military wants 2% real growth [above inflation]," he says. "They are likely to get zero." High on the Democrats' hit list is Midgetman, the \$50 billion single-warhead missile program. "Like Bush's call for a slash in the capital-gains tax," Johnston predicts, "Midgetman is out of the question." (The MX missile is more likely to survive. Rail basing the ten-warhead MX would provide the same punch for a third the cost of Midgetman, and mobility too.)

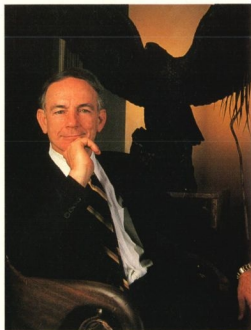
Like many of his colleagues, Johnston is a fan of burden sharing, the notion that U.S. allies should foot more of the bill for their own protection. "That's clearly the way we're going to have to go," he says. "Or else, in places like Korea, we're going to have to cut our manpower unilaterally. Consider that our 40,000 soldiers can't do much to save South Korea if war comes, and then consider that Korea has a trade surplus with us of something like \$10 billion. Either they help pay for our troops, or we should consider pulling them out."

Scaling down the American presence in Europe is trickier, "but we could at least cut the number of [military] dependents there," Johnston says. "They've increased under Reagan, and for what? We weren't having trouble recruiting for the Army before. I don't know exactly how much we'd save by bringing them home because the Pentagon won't come up with the figure."

Central America, already a nightmare, will only get worse. "If the [ultraconservative] ARENA party takes over El Salvador in March, as now seems likely, and if death-squad activity increases beyond what it is

now, then our [\$300 million-plus annual] subsidy will shrivel," says Johnston. "There just wouldn't be any appetite in Congress to keep it up, no matter how vital Bush claimed our interest there to be. Combine that with an end to the *contras*, and the whole region could blow right in the middle of our trying to do something tough about the deficit."

Confronted with the clashes Johnston foresees, a senior Bush aide said last week, "Am I depressed? Of course I am. Our own evaluations run along many of the same lines. Johnston's not the only one who thinks the eye of the hurricane will pass fast. Boy, I'd hate to be in our shoes." ■



Louisiana's J. Bennett Johnston: unwavering

"If he thinks we are going to drag him kicking and screaming into taxland and take all the heat, he's dreaming."

the National Economic Commission or an economic summit between the White House and Congress, Bush could tank his campaign dribble and say, "Well, I thought we could do it my way, but it turns out we just can't."

The crunch could come in May, when Bush will be in need of Senate votes to raise the national debt ceiling above \$2.8 trillion. Like a hanging, a hike in the debt ceiling concentrates the mind. The ceiling will not go up, says Johnston, unless the President "comes to us and swallows hard about raising revenues. When he does that, that's when we'll cooperate."

How could Bush not cave in? For a

A Serious Case of Puppy Love

Violence becomes an issue in an animal-rights protest

In the quiet life of Fran Stephanie Trutt, there seemed to be only one abiding passion: protecting dogs from abuse. The 33-year-old substitute teacher from Queens, N.Y., devoted much of her free time to her canine crusade. She fed neighborhood strays, marched in antivivisection protests and pushed for legislation outlawing cruelty to animals. Her mother told reporters last week, "She was obsessed with animals, particularly dogs, that's the truth."

Two weeks ago, Trutt's passion came dangerously close to exploding. Acting on a tip from an informant, police in Norwalk, Conn., arrested Trutt seconds after she placed a powerful pipe bomb studded with roofing nails outside the headquarters of the U.S. Surgical Corp., a firm that animal-rights activists have accused of cruelty to the dogs it uses for medical research and training. On the seat of Trutt's rented Chevy pickup was a remote-controlled detonator from which a battery had been removed to prevent an accidental explosion. A subsequent search of her apartment turned up three more bombs and a shotgun. Trutt was charged with possession of explosives, manufacturing a bomb and attempted murder. Police believe the



Training with surgical staplers.
Inset, suspect Trutt



intended victim may have been U.S. Surgical's president, Leon Hirsch.

Since 1981, U.S. Surgical has been the target of heckling demonstrators, some carrying signs reading STAPLE HIRSCH and KILL HIRSCH. Animal-rights activists have also launched at least two unsuccessful

legal efforts to revoke the company's license to use live animals. According to Hirsch, U.S. Surgical uses hundreds of dogs a year to train doctors and the company's own salesmen with the high-speed surgical staplers it manufactures. The trainees practice by stapling multiple surgical incisions on anesthetized dogs, after which the animals are destroyed. Hirsch insists there is no substitute for live animals in the training program. "A dead dog doesn't bleed," he says. "You need to have real blood-flow conditions, or you get a false sense of security. A stapler improperly used is a very dangerous device." But Susan Seymour of Friends of Animals charges that using the dogs in the training program is unnecessary. She notes that many surgeons learn stapling and other techniques without practicing on live animals before they treat humans.

Trutt's arrest raised the possibility that the animal-rights movement, which in the past has confined itself to public appeals, lobbying for anticruelty legislation and an occasional raid on research facilities to free the animals inside, has entered a terroristic phase. But activists were quick to disavow the use of violent tactics. Says Julie Lewin of the Fund for Animals: "Violence toward people does not help animals." Some animal-rights proponents contend that Trutt's aborted bomb attack is so damaging to their cause that it may have been instigated by an agent provocateur. Police say they believe the bomb she planted was too sophisticated for her to have made by herself. As the FBI joined the investigation last week, Trutt professed to have no knowledge of explosives.

Grapevine

DEFECTING FOR DOLLARS.

Japan is hiring former U.S. economic policymakers as fast as it is buying up American real estate. One-third of the 45 top officials who have left the Office of U.S. Trade Representative during the Reagan Administration and all of that organization's former general counsels are now working as foreign lobbyists, the most prominent of them for Japan. The main reason: the Japanese pay well.

WHERE WAS DAN?

The stars were out for British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's state dinner at the White House: Tom Selleck, Orel Hershiser and Beverly Sills, not to mention congressional luminaries like Senator Mark Hatfield and House Majority Leader Tom Foley. But there was a conspicuous absentee: Vice President-elect Dan Quayle. The White House explained lamely that since only a handful of Senate and House leaders

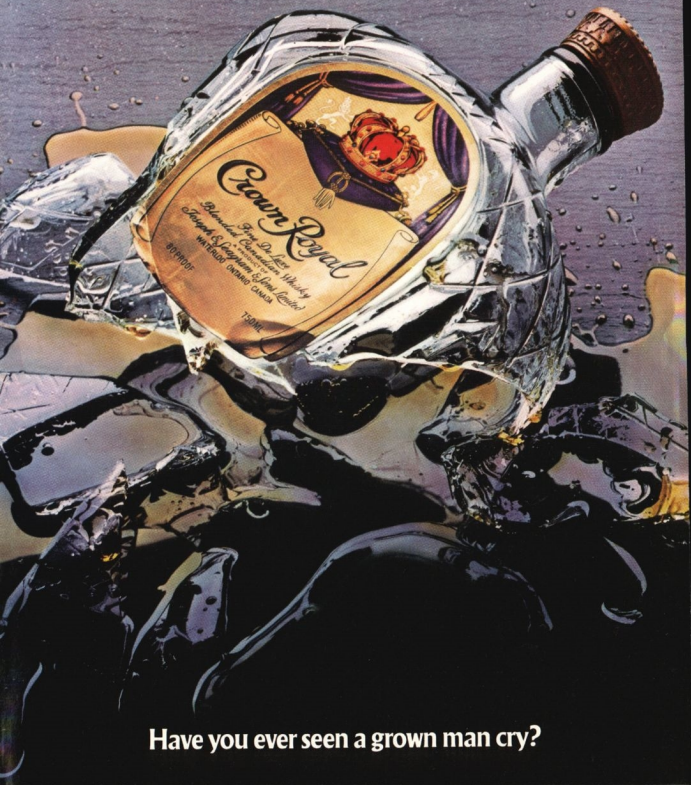


The man who didn't come to dinner meets Mrs. Thatcher

made the guest list, no slight was intended. Quayle did get an invitation to lunch with Thatcher earlier in the day, but he did not sit at the head table. That honor was reserved for his wife Marilyn.

EYE IN THE SKY.

Its code name: Indigo Lacrosse. Its cost: approximately \$500 million. Its mission: to spy on the Soviet Union. When the space shuttle *Atlantis* blasts off on a top-secret mission next week, America's newest, most sophisticated intelligence-gathering satellite will be on board—the first major U.S. orbital eye in the sky to be launched since *Challenger* exploded in 1986. What makes Indigo Lacrosse so special is its ability to take detailed, high-resolution pictures, even through heavy cloud cover. "This may be the most important job that NASA has ever done for the Air Force," says a Pentagon official, "and NASA better not screw it up."



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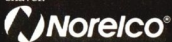
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American Notes



The real Kingfish... and his impersonator



CONGRESS

Amos 'n' Andy 'n' Bob

When House minority leader Robert H. Michel went high-stepping down memory lane last week, he wound up in the brier patch. In a televised interview, the Illinois Republican embellished a fond recollection of *Amos 'n' Andy*—the old radio show denounced by civil rights organizations for its stereotypical portrayals of blacks—with an eye-rolling imitation of the character Kingfish. Then he allowed that

"it's too bad" that schoolchildren can no longer don blackface and appear in minstrel shows. Finally he lamented the practice of changing racially offensive lyrics in songs like *Of Man River*, likening it to Soviet rewriting of history books. Said Michel: "That doesn't wash well with me." After a howl of protest from black leaders, Michel apologized. "My regret is even more profound," said he, "because I believe my public record of over 32 years as a Congressman is without the slightest blot of bigotry or racial insensitivity." True enough, until last week. ■

COMMUNICATION

Calling the Constellations

If E.T. had been there, he could have phoned home. Last week hundreds of people lined up at AT&T headquarters in New York City to videotape greetings to the cosmos that the company will beam into the heavens between Thanksgiving and New Year's on powerful transmitters. Says AT&T spokesman Brian Monahan: "We're just gonna shoot them out there." The signals will travel the universe at the speed of light, and they could conceivably be picked up

by creatures on other planets.

But the aliens might have trouble returning the call. Earlier in the week, one of the world's largest radio telescopes, a 300-ft. steel dish, suddenly collapsed in a high mountain valley in West Virginia. A long list of important scientific projects will be hampered until it can be replaced. Astronomers have used the dish to probe 10 billion light-years into deep space by tuning in radio frequencies similar to those an intergalactic civilization might use to communicate with earth. It would be a shame if somebody out there tried to get back to us and the phone was out of order. ■



Mourners at the funeral of Seraw, who died at the hands of skinheads

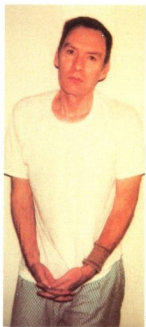
OREGON

Skinhead Mayhem

Shuttle-bus driver Mulugeta Seraw had just been dropped off by friends at his apartment in Portland, Ore., when a car pulled up. Out jumped three young men sporting shaved heads, military jackets and heavy work boots. Shouting racial slurs, they set upon the 28-year-old Ethiopian, kicking and beating him with a baseball bat. Eight hours later Seraw died in a Portland hospital. Authorities say he was the third person murdered in the U.S. by racist toughs called skinheads.

The crime shocked Portland, where police and a local grand jury have been joined by the FBI and the U.S. Attorney's

office in a search for the killers. The militant Jewish Defense Organization in New York City has offered a \$10,000 reward for information. According to the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, there are about 2,000 members of racist skinhead gangs active in 21 states. Lately they have become more visible on the West Coast, possibly because of recruiting efforts by the Aryan Youth Movement, a neo-Nazi group whose leader, John Metzger, was among those involved in the brawl on the Gualdo Rivera show. Their menace may be spreading. Warns David Lowe, an associate director of the A.D.L.: "There have been skinhead activities in areas where racist activities have never made inroads before. They are young kids, and they are very mobile." ■



The captive Alann Steen

HOSTAGES

The Taxmen Strike Again

It was just the sort of heartless harassment that has made the Internal Revenue Service one of the most resented arms of the Federal Government. A while ago, the IRS sent a computerized notice to journalism professor Alann Steen, telling him that if he did not cough up back taxes due on his 1984 return within 30 days, the tax collectors would take him to court. But there was a hitch. For the past 21 months, Steen has been one of the Americans held hostage by Islamic terrorists in Lebanon. As such, Steen, 49, seems to qualify for the unofficial IRS policy not to pursue hostages or prisoners of war. That exemption expires once a hostage is freed. It may be enough to make captivity look just a little bit appealing. ■

● COVER STORIES

Was Connally the Real Target?

Yes, says a forthcoming book, because Oswald blamed the Texan for stripping him of the only thing he ever really valued

BY JAMES RESTON JR.

On the 25th anniversary of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, fascination remains intense with the many loose ends of the mystery. New theories about the crime are regularly proposed, and old ones gain new adherents. Was just one person responsible for the murder? Or was a wider conspiracy involved? And if so, who was behind it, and what was the motive? What follows is an excerpt from a forthcoming book about John B. Connally suggesting that Lee Harvey Oswald was not gunning for J.F.K. but for the Governor of Texas.

THE ASSASSIN

Through his campaign in the fall of 1962, with his victory and his accession to the governorship in January 1963, and with his first bold speeches as the chief executive of Texas, John Connally epitomized the big man of Texas. He was a taunting, polarizing figure, engendering strong feelings of love and hate, of intense loyalty and passionate contempt.

Not long after Connally returned to Texas for his political race, another Texan, who was his very antithesis, also returned. By contrast, Lee Harvey Oswald was a small, wiry, homely loner, 22 years of age. Like Connally, he considered Fort Worth to be his home, and he had left his hometown with a splash. In November 1959 the departure was big news, every bit as big as would be the news a year later that President Kennedy had appointed Fort Worth oilman John Connally as Secretary of the



MARINA OSWALD'S PHOTO OF HER "HUNTER FOR FASCISTS"

Navy. The former was a case of treason, however: FORT WORTH DEFECTOR CONFIRMS RED BELIEFS.

Oswald had dropped out of high school after his freshman year to join the Marine Corps. His three-year hitch in the corps included electronics and radar training and concluded with a tour in Atsugi, Japan, at a base from which U-2 aircraft took off for Russia. The Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* reported in 1959 that the turncoat had read *Das Kapital* as he defended freedom in Japan, had saved all his money—\$1,600—to travel to the So-

viet Union, and had thought of nothing besides defection.

Once on Soviet soil, Oswald told his Intourist agent, a stolid woman named Rimma, that he wished to apply for Soviet citizenship. Rimma helped him with his letter to the Supreme Soviet. A few days later on Oct. 21, 1959, Oswald wrote in his diary:

"Meeting with single official. Balding, stout, black suit, fairly good English, asks what do I want. I say Soviet citizenship. He tells me 'USSR only great in literature and wants me to go back home.' I am stunned.

"Eve. 6:00. Receive word from police official. I must leave country tonight at 8 P.M. as visa expires. I am shocked! I have \$100 left. I have waited for 2 year to be accepted. My fondes dreams are shattered because of a petty official.

"7:00 P.M. I decide to end it. Soak wrist in cold water to numb the pain. Then slash my left wrist. Than plaug wrist into

bath tub of hot water. I think 'when Rimma comes at 8 to find me dead, it will be a great shock.' Somewhere a violin plays, as I watch my life whirl away. I think to myself, 'how easy to die' and 'a sweet death' (to violins)

"about 8:00, Rimma finds my unconscious (bathtub water a rich, red color) She screams. [Later] I tell her to go home (my mood is bad) but she stays. She is my friend. She has a strong will. Only at this moment, I notice she is pretty."

Upon his release from the hospital, Oswald again confronted the daunting face of Soviet bureaucracy. His passport did not seem to be enough for them, so Oswald presented them with his most prized possession, a laminated card that displayed his honorable discharge from the Marine Corps. Lee Harvey Oswald defined himself through his Marine Corps service. The corps had shaped him. It proved his importance. Later, it would provide him with his animus toward John Connally.

He slipped out of the hotel and took a cab to the American embassy. There he presented himself petulantly to a wry and experienced professional named Richard Snyder. Snyder demanded the right to renounce his American citizenship. Snyder asked him why he was doing it. "I am a Marxist!" Oswald replied. "Well, then," said Snyder, "you're going to be very lonesome in the Soviet Union."

Oswald would not be deterred. Finally Snyder seized the bureaucrat's final retreat: the embassy was technically closed that afternoon, and the applicant would have to come back in a few days. Oswald stormed out.

Oswald's attempt to renounce his citizenship had been meant to impress the Soviets, and it apparently worked. It remains one of history's ironies that had the American consul not been so sensitive about the perils of precipitous, emotional renunciation, Oswald would never have been permitted to re-enter the U.S.

In his interview with Snyder, Oswald had made one threat that could not be ignored. He promised to turn over all the military secrets he had learned in the Marines to the Soviets. As a radar operator with a secret clearance, he had access to the radio frequencies of all squadrons, the relative strength of squadrons, the number and type of aircraft in each, the authentication code for entering and exiting the Air Defense Identification Zone, and the range of Marine radar and radio. As a result of this threat, never carried through, codes, aircraft call signs, radio and radar frequencies in the range of Oswald's knowledge were changed.

As Oswald moped around the Metropal Hotel, his sole link to America and to his past was his older brother Robert. Robert Oswald had reached Lee by telegram in early November, calling the decision to defect a mistake. On Nov. 26 Lee replied angrily in a long letter. "In the event of war I would kill any American who put on a uniform in defense of the American Government—any American. My mother and you are not objects of affection, but only examples of workers in the U.S. In truth, I feel I am at least with my own people."

Permitted to remain in the Soviet Union, Oswald receded into the proletariat. The KGB took no interest in him. He was considered "not very bright," and the authorities were requested to keep an occasional eye on this eccentric, lest he turn out to be some sort of "sleeper agent." As a checker of metal work in a radio factory in Minsk, he found the work easy. He was assigned

an apartment with a view overlooking the Svisloch River, and he raked in 1,400 rubles a month, twice the salary of workers on his level. Seven hundred rubles of this was a supplement from a mysterious branch of the Red Cross.

But with the approach of his first, undramatic Russian winter, Oswald developed a melancholy and then a dread of the cold and the darkness. He began to resent the compulsory attendance at the boring factory meetings. He was horrified at the poor quality and the cost of necessities like clothes and shoes. The dreary routine of the worker's life began to undercut his operatic dream.

The turning point for Oswald was not political but emotional. He had had a few "light affairs" with Russian girls. In early January he fell in love with a comrade at the factory named Ella, but after a dalliance she spurned him. To his diary, he declared that he was "misérable," and a few weeks later he wrote, "I am starting to reconsider my desire about staying. The work is drab. The money I get has no where to be spent. No nightclubs or bowling allies. I have had enough." So much for the fervor of his commitment. It had foundered on the absence of a bowling alley.

At a "boring" trade-union dance in March he met Marina, a stubborn, blond pharmacist with a French hairdo. Where Ella had snickered at the awkwardness of his marriage proposal, Marina did not make him "misérable." In April they were married,

and in his diary he declared, "In spite of fact I married Marina to hurt Ella, I found myself in love with Marina."

In July 1961 the Oswalds applied for an exit visa and hoped to return to America. His "Red Cross" allotment of 700 rubles a month stopped. He had never told anyone of his supplement, for he had known for some time that it came from the secret police.

CRUSHING BLOW

In January 1962 Oswald was attempting to control his excitement over the imminence of the birth of his first child and the prospect of returning to the U.S. Two weeks later, the blow struck. He received a letter from his mother Marguerite: the Marine Corps had changed his discharge from

honorable to dishonorable. In fact, the downgrading had actually stopped one notch short of "dishonorable," at "undesirable," but anything less than an honorable military discharge is a curse in America, especially for a working man. The action had been prompted by Oswald's request for Soviet citizenship, the "dishonor" that this had brought on the Marine Corps, and by Oswald's threat to turn over military secrets to the Soviets.

Lee Harvey Oswald was crushed at the news. His military service gave meaning to his life, and it was the only thing that did. Despite two courts-martial (for possessing an illegal weapon and for fighting), despite proclaiming himself to be a Marxist and gaining the barracks nickname of "Oswaldskovich," he had made it through. His reward was an honorable discharge.

On Jan. 31, 1962, Oswald wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, a man whose name was, he thought, John Connally. He wished to call the Secretary's attention to a case "about which you may have personal knowledge since you are a resident of Fort Worth as am I." The Fort Worth papers, he wrote, had blown his case into "another turncoat sensation" when, in fact, he had come to Russia to reside "for a short time, much in the same way E. Hemingway resided in Paris."

"I have and always had the full sanction of the U.S. Embassy, Moscow, USSR," he lied, and when he returned to the U.S., "I



JACKIE WAS THE JEWEL ON THE MORNING OF THE TRAGIC DAY

The Assassination

shall employ all means to right this gross mistake or injustice to a boni-fied U.S. citizen and ex-serviceman." He asked Connally to "repair the damage done to me and my family."

Connally had resigned as Secretary of the Navy six weeks earlier. What the ex-serviceman got from the ex-Navy Secretary a month later was a stale promise to pass the problem on to his successor. Oswald had been spurned by a fellow Texan, and he resented it. He embroidered it into a personal antipathy. Connally came to take on enormous symbolic significance in Oswald's mind. Connally was the U.S. Government, and its unfair action fortified his bitterness against the U.S., and a man named Connally would become the repository of that bitterness.

Finally, in late May 1962, the Oswalds got out of Russia. They arrived in Fort Worth only a few weeks before Connally won the Democratic primary for the gubernatorial nomination. They had no money and a six-month-old baby. The husband had no qualifications for employment. Worse than that. The Fort Worth paper had reported the return of the turncoat.

The wife spoke no English, and her husband seemed determined to keep it that way. Their isolation and hopelessness might have been worse but for the small Russian émigré community in the Dallas-Fort Worth area, about 50 people who had gravitated to Texas mainly after World War II. They were anti-Communist.

The community had a titular leader, a kind and energetic gentleman in his late 50s named George Bouhe, who had fled Russia in 1923. Bouhe took an interest in the Oswalds and helped them get settled by providing them with a little cash here and there, \$10 or \$20. For his pains, he got only insults from Oswald. Bouhe persisted, mainly because Marina seemed to him a "lost soul." To Bouhe, Oswald was a simpleton and a boor and, soon enough, a wife abuser.

Lying about his Marine record worked at first. A month after his arrival, Oswald got his first job, at a Fort Worth welding company as a sheet-metal worker; on his application, he cited sheet-metal work in the Marine Corps as a qualification.

But Oswald was terrified of being found out. Bouhe had experienced Oswald's fixation with his military discharge and had seen how his lying about it launched him into a state of high anxiety. After the assassination, knowing that Oswald was tormented by the bad discharge at the very time when Connally was about to be promoted to the pinnacle of Texas government, Bouhe put the pieces together for the Warren Commission. "If anybody asked me, did Oswald have any hostility toward anybody in government, I would say Governor Connally."

The notion of Connally as the emotional spark for the assassination is strengthened by the testimony of others in the émigré community. In early October 1962, Oswald quit his job because he hated welding. Marina and the baby took up residence in the home of Alexandra De Mohrenschildt, the daughter of another Russian émigré in Dallas, a flamboyant loudmouth named George De Mohrenschildt, who toyed with Oswald in uneven intellectual games. A year and a half later, Alexandra De Mohrenschildt came before the Warren Commission to talk about her acquaintance with Oswald.

"Was President Kennedy ever mentioned?" counsel asked. "Never, never," Alexandra replied. "It was the Governor of Texas who was mentioned mostly. For some reason, Lee just didn't like him. I don't know why, but he didn't like him."

Did Connally come up in connection with something about Lee's discharge from the Marines? counsel prodded.

"Maybe it was the dishonorable discharge. All I know is that it was something he didn't talk about. And there was a reason why he did not like Connally, but he never ever said a word about Kennedy."

In October Oswald applied for a job in the photography department of a printing concern in Dallas called Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall. The subject of his military career came up. "The Marines," Oswald said brashly. "Oh, yes—yes," the employer said. "Honorably discharged, of course?" "Oh, yes," Oswald replied with technical truthfulness. Oswald was once again seized with rage. Was this going to come up every time? His anxiety that his lies might be found out was intense.

Oswald used the Jaggars facilities after hours to forge a new Marine Corps discharge and draft a classification document in the name of Aleck James Hidell, the name under which he ordered his first weapon, a Smith & Wesson pistol, by mail, and his second, a high-powered Italian Mannlicher Carcano rifle.

In early April, six months after arriving at Jaggars, Oswald brought his dismissal upon himself by flaunting a Soviet publication at work. He could say that he was fired for political reasons rather than for his own shortcomings, including inefficiency and quarreling with employees.

TAKING AIM
Three days into his first week of unemployment, April 10, Oswald made an attempt on the life of former General Edwin Walker, an ultraconservative and a onetime candidate for



FROM BEHIND, THE TARGET COULD HAVE BEEN KENNEDY OR CONNALLY

Governor of Texas against John Connally. Oswald missed Walker's head by about an inch. In choosing Walker as a target, Oswald's murderous instinct was turning upon the figure of the pure right. His frustration had now taken its full form of violence. Coiled spring that he was, it was a question of what event, what figure, what farfetched fantasy might set him off.

Only one person knew about the attempt on General Walker and how dangerous Oswald had become: Marina Oswald. When her husband confided his awful secret to her, she understood his capability to kill for political reasons and was horrified. She, above anyone else, appreciated his murderous instinct.

On Sunday, April 21, the headline in the Dallas *Morning News* read NIXON CALLS FOR DECISION TO FORCE REDS OUT OF CUBA. It reported a lashing speech that former Vice President Richard Nixon had made in Washington excoriating Kennedy for being "defensive" of Fidel Castro. Oswald withdrew into an adjacent room. When he re-emerged, he was dressed in a tie and white shirt. His pistol was shoved into his bag pants.

"Where are you going?" Marina demanded, sensing danger. "Nixon is coming to town. I want to go have a look."

"I know what your 'looks' mean," she said. She pleaded with him not to go and at last he agreed. Actually, Nixon was not in town at all and Oswald knew it. He had said "Nixon" because it



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was Nixon's picture that was on the front page of the paper. It was John Connally who was coming. He was scheduled to open a conference of space scientists in Dallas.

General Walker, Richard Nixon and John Connally melded into one amorphous, maddening profile for Oswald. The sentiments they expressed were the very ones that Oswald despised. They were interchangeable parts of the radical right. During this time Marina Oswald had taken a picture of Oswald with his revolver on his hip and his rifle held skyward in his right arm. Turning her fear into mockery, her best tool to control him, Marina had scrawled across the picture "Hunter for fascists ... Ha ... ha ... ha." It was the laughter of terror and despair.

Marina Oswald was to say that her husband had never uttered a harsh or angry word against Kennedy; if he had any negative emotion, it was envy. In the year before the assassination, Oswald avidly read William Manchester's biography of Kennedy, *Portrait of a President*, and Kennedy's own book, *Profiles in Courage*. He had become fascinated by the lives of great men, for in his mind he was one himself. Once to Marina he predicted that he would be "prime minister" of America in 20 years. He told Marina that J.F.K. deserved to be President.

After the assassination, George De Mohrenschildt, who despised Oswald, was the best witness on the question of what moved—and did not move—Oswald. De Mohrenschildt was overcome with guilt for his trifling with Oswald, and in 1977 he committed suicide after proclaiming that he was a moral conspirator in the assassination of Kennedy.

In 1978 the House Select Committee on Assassinations discovered a manuscript De Mohrenschildt had been writing to work out his metaphysical responsibility before he took his life. "Lee actually admired President Kennedy in his own reserved way," the memoir said. "One day we discussed Kennedy's efforts to bring peace to the world and to end the cold war. 'Great! Great!' exclaimed Lee. 'If he succeeds, he'll be the greatest President in the history of this country.'" As he spoke of these warm sentiments toward Kennedy, he spoke equally of Oswald's torment over his military-discharge downgrade. It explained Oswald's "hatred of John Connally."

Marina Oswald, in the first of her three appearances before the Warren Commission, regretfully acknowledged that she accepted her husband as the President's murderer. Why had he done it? Her husband wanted to become a memorable figure of history. In her second appearance, in June 1964, she remembered the "Nixon incident." Her third appearance took place in Dallas only three weeks before the Warren Commission Report was released, and so its conclusions were already set in stone. Then she said out of thin air, "I feel in my own mind that Lee did not have President Kennedy as a prime target when he assassinated him."

"Well, who was it?" she was asked. "I think it was Connally," she replied. "That's my personal opinion—that he perhaps was shooting at Governor Connally,

the Governor of Texas. I feel that the reason that he had Connally in his mind was on account of his discharge from the Marines and various letters they exchanged between the Marine Corps and the Governor's office, but actually, I didn't think that he had any idea concerning President Kennedy."

In 1978, testifying before the House Assassinations Committee, Marina told of how Connally's brush-off letter in February 1962, the origin of the grudge, had arrived at their Minsk apartment in a big white envelope. On the front was the smiling face of John Connally, advertising his candidacy for Governor of Texas.

On Sept. 24 or 25, while Oswald was seeking a job in New Orleans, he departed for Mexico City. He was going to contact the Russians through the Cubans to let the Soviets know that his delicate balance between America and Russia had tipped back in their favor. He wanted to explore the possibility of returning to Russia. But in Mexico City the Cuban and Soviet embassies

crushed his romantic dream of a heroic return. Oswald's trip to Mexico was such a blow that it cancels any possibility that in two months' time he would pick up his Mannlicher Carcano rifle with the motive to promote the Cuban or Soviet cause.

Oswald's problems were more mundane than that. Since August he had ceased to search for employment. It was just too hard and too embarrassing. That he had been arrested in New Orleans for distributing pamphlets for the Fair Play for Cuba Committee made him even less likely to be employed. Still, the one constant thorn with which he was preoccupied was the outrage of his downgraded discharge. If only that could be corrected as it should be, things might be different.

The Warren Commission was to receive persuasive testimony that on his way to Mexico City, Oswald stopped for an afternoon in Austin. He went to see Governor Connally. This time Oswald got the brush-off orally. He was told that the Governor did not handle military matters. Oswald went off to the bus station and on to Mexico City, clutching his military records to show to the Cubans and

the Russians. He was unprepared, as always, for their indifference.

A CHAT WITH JACK RUBY

In Dallas on Oct. 4, a Dallas man named Carroll Jarnagin was celebrating his birthday. Jarnagin, a divorcee and a 37-year-old lawyer with moderately liberal political views who had twice run unsuccessfully for the state legislature, was with an "exotic dancer" whose stage name was Robin Hood and who had appeared en déshabillé at such lively spots in Dallas as the Carousel Club. Robin Hood proposed that they stop by the Carousel Club because she wanted to talk to the owner, a beefy man named Jack Rubenstein, also known as Jack Ruby, about returning to his stage. They arrived at the Carousel around 10 p.m. Jarnagin was mellow but by no means insensate, and the couple took a table not far from the ticket booth at the head of the stairs.

Not long after they were settled, Jarnagin noticed a diminutive



MARINE "OSWALDSKOVICH," RIGHT, IN THE PHILIPPINES (1958)



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The Assassination

tive, wily man in his 20s at the ticket booth who was demanding to see Ruby. The bouncer appeared and directed the arrival to the owner. Ruby and his visitor took the table next to them and, as Jarnagin later carefully reconstructed from memory and subsequently was to tell the FBI, the following conversation ensued.

"What are you doing here?" Ruby asked.

"Don't call me by my name," the visitor said testily.

"What name are you using?"

"H.L. Lee."

"What do you want?"

"I need some money. I just got in from New Orleans. I need a place to stay, and a job."

"I noticed you hadn't been around in two or three weeks,"

Ruby said. "You have a family, don't you? Can't you stay with them?"

"They're in Irving, and they don't know I'm back. I want to get a place to myself."

"You'll get the money after the job is done," said Ruby.

"What about half now, and half after the job is done?" Lee said.

"No. But don't worry. I'll have the money for you after the job is done."

"How much?"

"We've already agreed on that," Ruby said, and then leaned forward to whisper something that Jarnagin did not hear.

"How do I know that you can do the job?" Ruby asked.

"It's simple. I'm a Marine sharpshooter."

"Are you sure that you can do the job without hitting anybody but the Governor?"

"I'm sure. I've got the equipment ready."

"Have you tested it? Will you need to practice any?"

"Don't worry about that. I don't need any practice. When will the Governor be here?"

"Oh, he'll be here plenty of times during campaigns," Ruby replied.

"Where can I do the job?" Lee asked.

"From the roof of some building."

"No, that's too risky. Too many people around."

"But they'll be watching the parade. They won't notice you."

"Afterwards they would tear me to pieces before I could get away."

And then Oswald said, "How about giving me half of the money just before the job is done, and then you can send me the other half later?"

"I can't turn the money loose until the job is done. If there's a slipup and you don't get him, they'll pick the money up immediately. I couldn't tell them I gave half of it to you in advance. They'd think I double-crossed them. I would have to return all of the money. You'll just have to trust me. Remember, they want the job done just as bad as you want the money."

"Not that it makes any difference, but what have you got against the Governor?" Lee asked.

"He won't work with us on paroles. With a few of the right boys out, we could really open up this state, with a little cooperation from the Governor. The boys in Chicago have no place to operate. They've clamped the lid down in Chicago. Cuba is closed. Everything is dead. Look at this place—half empty. If we can open up this state, we could pack this place every night. Remember, we're right next to Mexico. There'd be money for ev-

erybody, if we can open up this state."

"How do you know that the Governor won't work with you?"

"It's no use. He's been in Washington too long. They're too straight up there. After they've been there awhile they get to thinking like the Attorney General. The Attorney General. Now there's a guy the boys would like to get, but it's no use. He stays in Washington too much."

"A rifle shoots as far in Washington as it does here, doesn't it?" Lee said.

"Forget it. That would bring the heat on everywhere, and the feds would get into everything."

"Killing the Governor of Texas will put the heat on too, won't it?"

"Not really, they'll think some crackpot or Communist did it, and it will be written off as an unsolved crime."

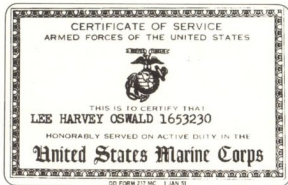
There was a distraction, and Jarnagin missed some interchanges. Then he heard Lee say, "There's really only one building to do it from, the one that covers Main, Elm and Commerce."

"Which one is that?" Ruby asked.

"The schoolbook building, close to the triple underpass."

The following day, Oct. 5, Jarnagin called the Texas Department of Public Safety and related the conversation. He requested that the Governor be informed, and he felt his report to the authorities had ended his civic duty.

After the assassination, Jarnagin recognized Oswald in the newspaper as the "Lee" at Ruby's table. He sat down, carefully reconstructed the conversation and mailed it special delivery to J. Edgar Hoover at the FBI. Thereafter, he was interviewed by more than 18 investigators. He never altered his story, nor had he recanted it 25 years later.



THE LAMINATED CARD THAT MEANT EVERYTHING TO THE KILLER

THE THREE FURIES

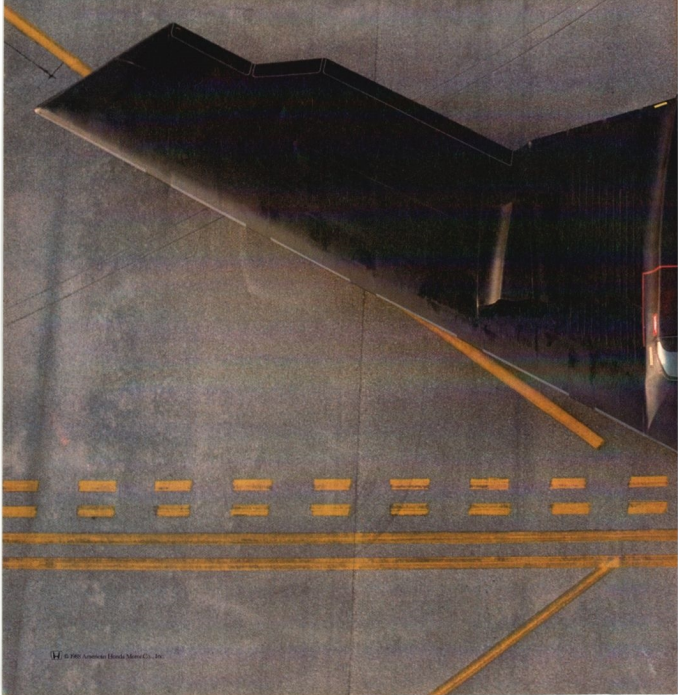
The origin of President John F. Kennedy's trip to Texas in November 1963 is a subject that has passed through the prism of shame and collective guilt and emerged as a blur of garish, undefined color. With its terrible results, it appears that nobody wanted it. J.F.K. was irritated to have to make the trip. John Connally had stalled it and argued against it, and when he could no longer resist it, tried to drop Dallas from the itinerary. It was laid on without Lyndon Johnson's counsel, and when the Vice President heard about the final arrangements he resented them.

Even the purpose of the trip remains in dispute. Was Kennedy going to raise money for his 1964 campaign? Was he going to heal a rift between the factions of the Texas Democratic Party represented by liberal Senator Ralph Yarborough and Connally? Did Lyndon Johnson need the presidential trip to ensure that he would remain on the ticket the next year? The survivors of Elm Street agree on one thing: no one was to blame. And no one is to blame, for no one wanted the death of a President.

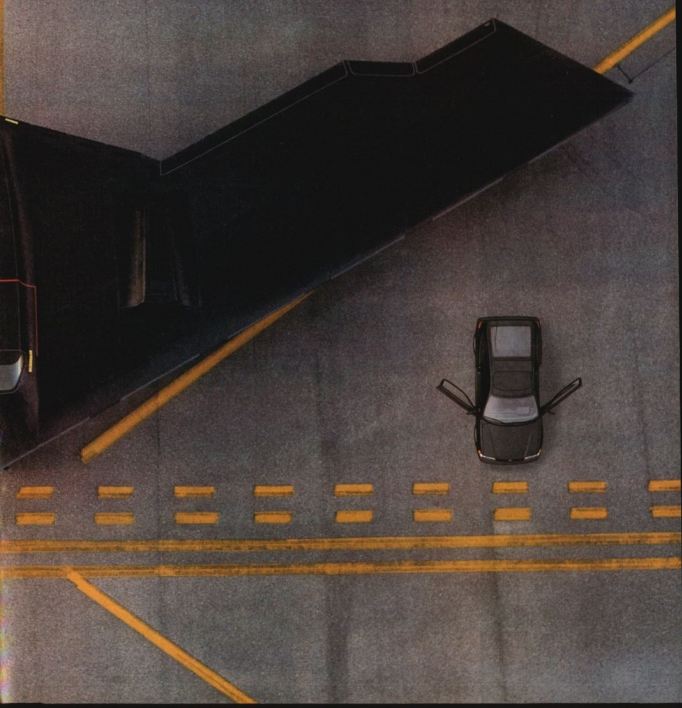
San Antonio, Houston and Austin looked fine to White House advancement Jerry Bruno, but with Dallas and Fort Worth there were problems. Three decisions had to be made, and had they been made differently they would have changed the course of history. They are the Three Furies of Dallas.

The first had to do with an honorary degree being conferred on Kennedy at Texas Christian University in Fort Worth. Ken-

Shrouded in secrecy for years, the Stealth Bomber will soon be introduced to



the public. For the record, we introduced ours first. The CRX Si. **HONDA**



The Assassination

nedy was pleased, since a degree from a Protestant university would further bury the fears over a Catholic President. After the midmorning degree ceremony, the President would motor 30 miles to Dallas for his speech to Dallas businessmen. It was unlikely that there would be time for a motorcade through downtown Dallas, or if there was, it would follow a different route to the luncheon site from the one eventually chosen.

Bruno got a call from Connally. He was sorry, but T.C.U. had decided against conferring the degree. The faculty senate and the student senate would have to approve the degree, and there was not enough time. What was the real reason? "Well, he's a Catholic, you know," Connally told Bruno.

There was no reason to go to Fort Worth now. But Connally called back and announced that the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce would like to give the President a breakfast. There were now two hours in the morning with nothing to do. It was decided that Kennedy would fly from Fort Worth to Dallas. All the motion to and from airports would consume time. From the Dallas airport to the luncheon, the motorcade route was redrawn—and lengthened—through Dealey Plaza.

The second Fury watched over the motorcade itself. Connally opposed it vigorously. If he did not want to advance the cause of Kennedy liberalism in Texas, neither did he want the President to flop. Kennedy should be rested. A motorcade, Connally knew, was hard work. The Governor also feared an embarrassment in Dallas. The motorcade was an invitation.

The liberals and the White House felt that if the President was speaking at Connally's exclusive businessmen's lunch, his exposure to Yarborough's people must be in the streets. Moreover, Kennedy attributed part of his success against Richard Nixon in 1960 to his mingling with the people by means of a motorcade. On this point, the liberals "won."

The last Fury presided over the site for Kennedy's luncheon speech in Dallas. Connally wanted the Trade Mart, a commercial complex just off Stemmons Freeway, where the hall was about the right size for the audience. The alternative was the Women's Building at the State Fairgrounds. The Secret Service and the White House preferred it. The Women's Building had a hall large enough to accommodate a feast for more than 4,000, and this was more in the Kennedy and Yarborough populist style.

The Secret Service liked the Women's Building for other reasons. The route of the motorcade would be more direct, continuing straight down Main Street, picking up speed as it entered Dealey Plaza and zipping through the small park at 40 to 50 m.p.h., one full block away from a building known as the Texas School Book Depository. If the Trade Mart was the spot, the motorcade would have to slow nearly to a stop to make a right turn onto Houston Street, and then a left turn at the next street, Elm, at the corner dominated by the Book Depository building. It was the deceleration to a crawling speed that concerned the Secret Service.

On Nov. 15, Bruno made this entry in his diary: "The White

House announced that the Trade Mart had been approved. I met with [Kenneth] O'Donnell and [Bill] Moyers who said that Connally was unbearable and on the verge of canceling the trip. They decided they had to let the Governor have his way." Connally had "won."

PREMONITIONS

On the surface, the stop in San Antonio was routine in its warmth, its dignity, its tumultuousness. With her fragile beauty and her poignancy, Jackie Kennedy was the instant star. She glided ethereally alongside her husband through the receiving line. From a distance, Texas Congressman Henry Gonzalez watched as Kennedy strode to the fence to work the crowd. To his companion he said, in the first of the premonitions, how easy it would be—how easy.

The jewel of Jackie Kennedy was the object of everyone's fascination as the morning of Nov. 22 broke. She alone was making a success out of apparent failure. Without her, the bickerings of the politicians would have been even more glaring and dis-

tasteful. On the eighth floor of the Texas hotel in Fort Worth, the President had an early meeting with Lawrence O'Brien. Kennedy sat by the window, his feet propped up on the radiator, as he looked out upon the parking lot where he would soon speak.

"Just look at that platform," he said, gazing down at the naked structure in the middle of the parking lot. "With all these buildings around it, the Secret Service couldn't stop someone who really wanted to get you."

In Dallas the assassin left for work at about the time his victim was considering a rifleman's angle from his hotel room to the parking lot in Fort Worth. Oswald wrapped his weapon in brown paper, and when his fellow worker picked him up and Oswald put the hideous package in the back seat, he mumbled

something about curtain rods. Oswald had undoubtedly seen Wednesday's paper with the parade route and the news that the President and the Governor would be riding in the second car.

The Kennedys arrived back in their hotel suite after breakfast for what might have been their last few minutes of privacy. Kenneth O'Donnell came in. He had been shown an ad in the Dallas *Morning News* with a funeral black border, a sarcastic heading of welcome to the President, sponsorship by H.L. Hunt and Dallas John Birchers, and imprecations that Kennedy was secretly in league with American Communists. The President handed it to his wife. "Can you imagine a newspaper doing that?" he said in disbelief. "We're headed into nut country now."

He was overcome again with dread and premonition. "Last night would have been a hell of a time to assassinate a President," he said, gazing out the window. "If anyone wants to shoot a President, it's not a very difficult job. All one has to do is get on a high building and a telescopic rifle, and there is nothing anybody can do."

At about the time of this interchange, Oswald took a break from filling orders at the Book Depository in Dallas, where he had been employed since Oct. 15. He too was gazing out a window at the crowd beginning to mill about in Dealey Plaza. Os-



THE ACT THAT INTENSIFIED THE MYSTERY

The Assassination

wald asked a fellow worker with forced naïveté what all the commotion was about, and his comrade told him. Which way were the President and the Governor coming? Oswald asked. Along Houston Street to Elm. "Oh, I see," he said.

As the motorcade entered downtown, the crowds grew to be throngs, and when it turned onto Main Street, pointing down the canyon of sparkling glass and steel and granite, the throngs became a multitude. Connally had never seen anything like it, a quarter-million people packed into a space of a few city blocks. On the edge of Dealey Plaza, the car slowed nearly to a stop to make its right turn. By the courthouse, Nellie Connally turned to the President in a tone resonating with her excitement. "Well, Mr. President, you can't say that Dallas doesn't love you!" she said.

"No, you certainly can't," Kennedy replied, with a smile.

"OH, NO, NO, NO!"

In the shadow of the Book Depository, at the cross hairs of Elm and Houston, the car made its slow left turn and started down the slope into the abyss. As they edged past a tree, approaching the freeway sign, Connally's mind thrust ahead to the luncheon, only five minutes and an eternity away.

At the crack of the rifle, he knew instantly what it was. His head turned sharply to the right, but he could not swivel his body that way because of the car's bulkhead, so he swung back swiftly the other way, and then he felt the hammer strike his back. As his swivel continued, he saw that his lap was spattered with his gore. He was hit—badly—fatally, he supposed. His head tilted skyward. "Oh, no! no! no!" he screamed, as he crushed a bouquet of roses. "My God! They're going to kill us all!"

Two, three men were out there, shooting with an automatic weapon, he thought. Nellie's glance riveted on him as she heard him scream. She reached out in horror, pulling him down into her lap. The President was hit too, she sensed, but he uttered no sound, and he still sat strangely upright, a more distinct target now. He had upon his face, as his widow would later say, a "quizzical look," as if he suffered from a "slight headache."

Another shot landed as if in a water-filled balloon, spraying them with the fine mist of the President's intelligence. Connally knew what this was. Upon his trouser leg he saw a piece of blue brain, the size of his thumb.

Nellie held her husband. She now was the only remaining stationary target. The car jerked as the driver instinctively hit the brake, contradicting his training. "Get out of line," Connally heard the agent-in-charge shout. "Get us to a hospital quick!" He did not hear Jacqueline cry out with her love for her husband or hear her scramble over the backseat. He heard only Nellie's comfort. "Be still now," she was saying. "Don't worry, you're going to be all right." She kept saying it over and over, beyond the point under the freeway where he lost consciousness.

"The only thing I could think to do was to pull him out of the line of fire," she was to say. "Maybe then they wouldn't hurt him

any more. We must have been a horrible sight flying down that freeway with those dying men in our arms and going no telling where. John said nothing. Once, I saw one little moment when (I thought) maybe he was still alive, and I kept whispering to him, 'Be still. It's going to be all right.'" But she did not believe it. She thought he was dead.

At Parkland Memorial Hospital, Connally's pallor was ashen, due to loss of blood and to his difficulty in breathing, but his pulse was steady and his blood volume was adequate. His wounds were terrible. On his right shoulder, in his back there was a regular, 3-cm perforation. At an angle of 30° downward, below the right nipple, there was a ragged 5-cm wound—"a hole in his chest you could pack a baseball into," said the surgeon who treated him, James ("Red") Duke. This was a "sucking wound," which Dr. Duke closed with his hand, and it, along with the possibility that the bullet had passed through the heart and the great vessels, represented the danger to Connally's life.

Here, he enjoyed his first piece of luck. When Nellie had pulled him into her lap and held him, his arm had fallen across his chest and had pressed against the wound, partially holding in his air and permitting him to suck air in. The ride to the hospital had taken eight minutes. If it had taken eight more, he would have been dead.

At 1:35 p.m., almost exactly an hour after the monumental insult to his body, Connally went into surgery. He had, of course, no comprehension of what was transpiring on the floor below: a priest performing the last rites, a coroner standing upon the rules and threatening to block the removal of the President's body, nurses insisting on the signing of endless forms, an oak casket too heavy to be lifted by ordinary men, and a blood-caked widow, frightened as a rabbit.

His closest friend, Lyndon Johnson, was seized with terror, thinking the assassination was the precursor to a Soviet nuclear attack. For the drive from the hospital to Love Field, Johnson commandeered a police cruiser. He lay



AT ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE, THE TRIP NO ONE WANTED ENDS

down on the floorboards in the back and ordered an officer to lie on top of him.

Twenty minutes into Connally's operation, the doctor told his aide, Bill Stinson, that the bullet had missed the great vessels and the Governor would live. Stinson left and found Nellie, disconsolate and weeping, in the hallway.

"He'll make it," he said, and she collapsed on his shoulder. "Thank God."

On Sunday, Connally's first full day of consciousness, Oswald was shot and brought to Parkland. Ironically, Stinson took charge of the emergency room as Oswald was brought in, and secured it with state patrolmen. Stinson watched as they worked to keep the wretched killer alive. Oswald had only a small perforation in his belly, but the eyes in his misshapen, sallow face never flickered open. Stinson watched, hoping for a deathbed confession, but it never came.

What had been let loose in America? No one was sure. ■

The Assassination



BY ED MAGNUSON

Some portentous voices out of the underworld a quarter-century ago:

"Kennedy's not going to make it to the [1964] election—he's going to be hit."

—Santo Trafficante, the top Florida mobster, to an FBI informer in August 1962.

"You know what they say in Sicily: if you want to kill a dog, you don't cut off the tail, you cut off the head."

—Carlos Marcello, Mafia boss in New Orleans, to an acquaintance that same month, explaining why President John Kennedy, not Attorney General Robert Kennedy, would be killed.

"There is a price on the President's head. Somebody will kill Kennedy when he comes down South."

—Bernard Tregle, a New Orleans restaurant owner allegedly associated with Marcello, within hearing of one of his employees in April 1963.

Out of the mouths of such sinister characters the assassination-conspiracy theorists of the 1980s have fashioned the latest in a long-running series of explanations of what may forever remain unexplainable: why Lee Harvey Oswald killed John F. Kennedy in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963, exactly 25 years ago this week. In an anniversary spate of books and TV specials, the trendy

theory is that the Mafia arranged the President's murder and the silencing of Oswald by Dallas strip-joint owner Jack Ruby. This, of course, clashes with the Warren Commission's conclusion that Oswald acted alone for his own twisted reasons and that Ruby impetuously killed the assassin to spare Jacqueline Kennedy the ordeal of a Dallas trial of her husband's slayer.

As the excerpts from James Reston Jr.'s forthcoming book show, there are new twists on the lone-assassin conclusion as well. His contention that Oswald may have intended to kill Texas Governor John Connally rather than Kennedy was rather perfunctorily dismissed by the Warren Commission. Although Marina Oswald had testified to this belief, the commission's lawyers found her generally inconsistent and discounted much of what she said. The commission relied on Texas prosecutor Henry Wade for evaluation of the alleged conversation between Oswald and Ruby, overheard at Ruby's Carousel Club by Dallas lawyer Carroll Jarnagin. Wade found Jarnagin sincere in thinking he had heard Oswald offer to kill Connally so that gangsters could open up the state for their rackets, but he told the commission that the lawyer nonetheless had failed a lie-detector test on the subject.

Other theories persist: that Oswald, an avowed Marxist who had gone from service as a U.S. Marine to spend more than two years in the Soviet Union, re-

turned as a homicidal tool of the KGB; that when he tried to go back to the Soviet Union via Cuba in September 1963, Fidel Castro's embassy in Mexico City encouraged him to kill Kennedy. The reason: Castro knew that the CIA had plotted with Chicago mobster Sam Giancana and Hollywood boss John Roselli to kill him.

Support, of a sort, for the Castro-as-mastermind theory recently came from David W. Belin, a top counsel for the Warren Commission. In his new book, *Final Disclosure*, Belin says that "it is possible" Oswald was part of a Cuban conspiracy. It may have developed, Belin writes, when Oswald visited Mexico City.

But wait. For the Mafia-did-it advocates, the plot is much thicker. In their view, the man who rode a bus to Mexico City before the assassination, talking to travelers about his plans to meet Fidel Castro and then raising a ruckus at the Cuban embassy, probably was not Oswald. More likely, he was an impostor, dispatched by Mafia schemers so that when the real Oswald killed the President, a Cuban-Soviet connection would be readily assumed. The existence of someone posing as Oswald would, of course, be proof in itself of a conspiracy.

The possibility of an Oswald double is emphasized by the recent pin-it-on-the-Mob authors: John H. Davis (*Mafia Kingfish: Carlos Marcello and the Assassination of John F. Kennedy*) and David E.

PLOT PLAYERS

Mobster Sam Giancana was executed gangland style after helping the CIA try to kill Fidel Castro. New Orleans Mafia boss Carlos Marcello swore vengeance after Robert Kennedy had him dumped in Guatemala. Jimmy Hoffa, with Bobby at 1959 hearings, feuded with him for years; Hoffa was slain in 1975. Castro warned in 1963 that any attempt to kill him might be reciprocated.



Scheim (*Contract on America: The Mafia Murder of President John F. Kennedy*). Earlier, G. Robert Blakey and Richard N. Billings suggested that underworld and anti-Castro schemers had joined to use Oswald as a handy fall guy (*The Plot to Kill the President*).

As evidence that someone was making sure that the real Oswald would be pinned to the crime of the century, Davis cites long-familiar sightings of "Oswald" in the Dallas area before the assassination: practice shooting at a rifle range, acting rude while buying ammunition, test-driving a car and claiming he would soon have "a lot of money" to buy it (Marina insists that he did not drive).

Scheim and Davis readily accept this Oswald as an impostor. But both conveniently tend to consider other alleged sightings of Oswald as genuine: sitting in a New Orleans bar with an associate of mobster Marcello's and taking money under the table; traveling with another Marcello cronny three months before the assassination. In this selective reasoning, neither author seems to consider that some or all of the witnesses could be mistaken, their memories swayed by the TV images of the assassin's face.

Yet, as most of the books explain, the Mob had ample reason to want Kennedy out of the way. As early as 1957, he sat on the Senate Rackets Committee chaired by Arkansas' John McClellan; Robert Kennedy was its chief counsel. The Kennedys joined in the committee's stiff grilling of such gangsters as Los Angeles' Mickey Cohen, Louisiana's Marcello and Teamsters president Jimmy Hoffa, whose underworld ties presumably led to his murder in 1975.

After Robert Kennedy became Attorney General in 1961, the Justice Department waged a war against organized crime. Despite the foot dragging of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, who had long claimed there was no Mafia, the Justice Department indicted 116 members of the

Mob. Bobby also undertook a personal vendetta against Hoffa, who was convicted of jury tampering and pension-fund fraud in separate trials in 1964.

Robert Kennedy's crusade against the lesser-known Marcello, whose Mob territory embraced Texas, was almost as intense. Born in Tunisia of Sicilian parents who moved to the U.S. in 1910, Marcello later used a phony Guatemalan birth registration to avoid deportation to Italy. Fully aware that Marcello was not a Guatemalan, Kennedy in 1961 nevertheless had Immigration agents hustle him aboard a 78-seat jet as its lone passenger and deposit him in Guatemala City. Marcello and his American lawyer were later flown to El Salvador, where soldiers dumped the two expensively dressed men in the mountains. Marcello claimed he fainted three times and broke several ribs before finding his way to a small airport. Slipping secretly back into New Orleans, he vowed revenge against the Kennedys.

But if the Mafia had a strong motive to kill the President, where are the connections to Oswald, the executioner, and Ruby, the silencer? They are almost too numerous to count, if you accept the claims of Scheim, a manager of computerized information at the National Institutes of Health. He seems to have amassed every reference ever printed about the J.F.K. assassination figures and mobsters, then wove these threads to fit a Mafia-hit theory.

Some of the connections are provocative. Take Oswald. His father Robert died of a heart attack in August 1939. Lee, born two months later, spent much of his first three years with Lillian and Charles Murret, his aunt and uncle, in New Orleans. In April 1963, while looking for a job in New Orleans, he stayed with the Murrets. Charles Murret was a bookmaker in a gambling operation run by Marcello, and for a few months Oswald allegedly collected bets for his uncle. Marcello and other

New Orleans gangsters thus may have been aware that the much publicized former Marine defector was in their midst.

That summer, when Oswald passed out leaflets for his one-man chapter of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, his literature listed 544 Camp Street as the chapter office. That building housed the offices of Guy Banister, a private investigator and former FBI agent. Banister had been hired by Marcello to help him fight court battles. Working for Banister was David Ferrie, a former airline pilot who had publicly berated Kennedy for the failure of the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba. In 1955 Ferrie headed a New Orleans squadron of the Civil Air Patrol. One of his cadets was Oswald. Some witnesses thought they saw the two together in Clinton, La., in September 1963.

On the two weekends before the Kennedy assassination, Ferrie huddled with Marcello at a farmhouse on the mobster's delta property. Ferrie later told the FBI that he was helping Marcello map strategy for a perjury and conspiracy trial then under way. (Marcello was acquitted on the day of the assassination.) On the night of the assassination Ferrie drove 350 miles through a rainstorm to Houston, arriving at about 4 a.m. He later insisted that this was a hunting trip, but he spent hours making calls from public phones at a skating rink.

To the conspiracy writers, all this meant that Marcello had been using Ferrie to help plot the killing of Kennedy. Ferrie's hasty trip, they imply, was to make sure, from telephones beyond Marcello's haunts, that Ruby killed Oswald.

As for Ruby, his gangster role is magnified by the recent books that go beyond the Warren Commission's portrayal of a strip-show proprietor and police buff. Some authors see him as a small-time hood in Chicago who worked his way up in what had been Al Capone's outfit. He was sent to Dallas in 1947, they say, with other Chicago gangsters to take over that city's rackets. Other reports had Ruby been exiled to Dallas by the Chicago Mob. Yet Marcello retained control of



The Assassination

Dallas operations, working mainly through local boss Joseph Civello. The new books claim that Ruby was close to him and other Dallas gangsters active in prostitution, narcotics and slot machines.

Telephone records show that as the assassination date approached, Ruby made numerous calls to relatively high Mob figures in Chicago, New Orleans and Los Angeles, as well as to two associates of Jimmy Hoffa's. He later told the FBI that the calls were made to get union help in stopping other Dallas clubs from using amateur strippers. Yet the gangsters he called would not seem likely to trouble themselves with such petty problems.

However, if Oswald were merely a "patsy," as he claimed, it is difficult to understand why, after leaving the Texas School Book Depository building and picking up a revolver at his rooming house, he gunned down officer J.D. Tippit, who was about to question him. Six witnesses identified Oswald as Tippit's killer. Three watched him discard empty cartridges. The cartridges matched the gun he was carrying when police seized him in a theater.

Nor, despite the decades of sarcasm by earlier critics, has the basic evidence that Oswald killed Kennedy been shaken. Fragments of the bullets that hit Kennedy were matched with the rifle found on the sixth floor of the Depository. Oswald's fingerprints were on the rifle barrel. Fibers from the clothes he wore when arrested were caught on the rifle butt. That morning he had brought a long, thin package to work from the house in Irving where he spent weekends with Marina. He explained to the co-worker who gave him a ride that it contained curtain rods for his Dallas apartment, even though his flat had a full set.

One other problem for a conspiracy: Oswald got his job at the Depository on Oct. 15; the Secret Service did not decide on the motorcade route past this building until Nov. 14. It was not in Dallas newspapers until Nov. 19.

Most of the conspiracy writers contend that there was another gunman in Dealey Plaza, firing from a grassy knoll in front of the presidential motorcade. Numerous witnesses, including some officers, thought they heard shots from that direction. Still, as the House Assassinations Committee neared the completion of an exhaustive two-year reinvestigation of the Kennedy murder in December 1978, it approved a tentative conclusion that there had been no conspiracy.

But then Blakey, its chief counsel, found an acoustics expert who examined a police Dictabelt recording made of one of

the two radio channels used during the motorcade. After tests in Dealey Plaza, the scientist concluded that sounds on the belt came from an escorting motorcycle with its microphone stuck open, that four shots could be detected on the belt and that there was a fifty-fifty probability that one of them came from the knoll. Blakey called in two other experts, who raised the estimate to 95%. The committee then concluded that a conspiracy was "probable."

In 1982, however, the National Academy of Sciences examined the same recording. Its experts detected cross talk from the other police channel on the belt, chatter that it identified as occurring one

he had been stalking Oswald, why was he in a Western Union office wiring \$25 to one of his strippers, Karen Carlin, at 11:17 a.m. that Sunday? Not even the Dallas police knew when their interrogation of Oswald would end and when he would be transferred to custody of the county sheriff. In fact, a U.S. postal inspector had unexpectedly dropped in on the questioning and joined the quizzing. That held up the transfer by at least half an hour; without the delay, Ruby would have been too late. His televised shooting of Oswald occurred at 11:21 a.m.

The resourceful Warren Commission critics have a solution to that dilemma too. They note credible reports that Ruby visited police headquarters, where Oswald was being held, twice on the night of the assassination, even attending a press conference at which Oswald was exposed to photographers. Ruby sat at the back of the room, allegedly carrying his handgun. He was spotted in a crowd outside the building about 3 p.m. on Saturday, when the transfer originally had been scheduled. On Sunday morning, three TV technicians reported seeing him near their van overlooking the transfer ramp well before 11 a.m.

This pattern, these writers say, fits a stalking of Oswald. But why did Ruby go off to Western Union at a crucial moment? It was a prearranged plan to make the killing look spontaneous, they reply. Someone signaled Ruby when Oswald's move began. They imply that a cop did this; they do not say how.

Warren Commission critics point out that its members had never been told about the CIA's scheming with mobsters to assassinate Castro, even though Castro had warned publicly on Sept. 7, 1963, that "U.S. leaders should think that if they are aiding terrorist plans to eliminate Cuban leaders, they themselves will not be safe." Allen Dulles, a member of the commission who had been the CIA director when the plots were hatched, did not disclose this secret to the investigators. The CIA had told Robert Kennedy, but he too kept this information from the commission. Bobby's apparent acquiescence in the attempts to kill Castro may have added twinges of guilt to his deep grief over his brother's death.

Clearly, those plots were something the commission had every right to know about. If alerted to the CIA-Mafia entanglement, it might have worked even harder to close some of the investigatory gaps through which, 25 years later, the conspiracy advocates still rush with a welter of accusations, speculation and, so far, a dearth of conclusive evidence. ■

THE SILENCER

Did Ruby, auditioning a stripper, use one of them as an alibi in the Oswald slaying?



minute after the shooting. "The acoustic analyses," the Academy experts reported, "do not demonstrate that there was a grassy-knoll shot." Moreover, three panels of independent experts examined the materials from Kennedy's autopsy. All concluded that he had been hit only by shots fired from behind him.

One conspiracy writer, David Lifton, offered a way out of these inconvenient findings: in his 1981 book, *Best Evidence*, he contended that conspirators had altered the President's body to conceal evidence of an entry wound from the front. Others note that Kennedy's brain has not been examined by anyone, except superficially by the autopsy doctors. Robert Kennedy did not turn it over to the National Archives with other autopsy evidence in 1966. He presumably did not want it preserved as a grisly artifact.

The timing of Ruby's assault on Oswald also fails to fit any tidy conspiracy. If

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**THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND
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Roman road at Timgad, Algeria



quagmires, and movement stopped altogether.

But on their extensive network of paved, engineered roads, the Roman troops could march thirty miles a day—in all weather. Legions could be quickly shuttled around the empire to respond to unrest in one province, or the invasion of another. In this way, Rome could afford a much smaller defense establishment than the geographic size of her empire would suggest.

In the late 20th century this lesson of strategic and tactical mobility is still apt. For the United States, with our global commitments, our Roman roads are our airlift fleet.

Presently that logistic potential is adequate to respond to small scale crises around the world. But in the event of a major outbreak overseas, and given the strength of our current airlift fleet, there has been

some debate as to our ability to protect our worldwide interests.

Flexibility is critical to an efficient defense. Julius Caesar understood it. All Romans understood it. It was the primary reason for their paved roads. Without them, the Roman Empire would not have lasted as long as it did, for the mere knowledge that legions could be on the scene within weeks was usually sufficient to keep the peace.

In the near future, the knowledge that overwhelming American force might be on the scene within hours would give pause to potential enemies. And that, in the final analysis, would be the most efficient defense of all.



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A Shattering Afternoon in Dallas

BY HUGH SIDLEY

Assassination was impossible. John Kennedy, with Jackie behind him in her raspberry pink suit, was too young, too exuberant to fall. The Secret Service, snooping beneath manhole covers, scanning for hostile eyes, was invincible. There would be no darkness on this bright day in Dallas.

How fragile our myths, how fleeting certainty.

Perhaps we knew when the first sound reached the press bus behind Kennedy's limousine. A distant crack, another. A pause, and another crack. Something was dangerously off-key.

Bob Pierpoint of CBS stood up, and our eyes met for ever so tiny an instant. We knew but did not want to believe. "What was that?" he asked. Doug Kiker, now of NBC, then a reporter for the *New York Herald Tribune*, was typing on his lap. He paused. Kennedy's limousine had turned the corner beneath a boxy, ugly building and sunk out of sight. The pigeons—the famous pigeons of death—were rising and swooping under the trees.

Pierpoint stood still for a couple more seconds. Kiker pecked a time or two. Three seconds, four. Then reality rushed with terrifying clarity down that short street beneath the Texas School Book Depository. We were never the same, nor was the world.

The story at the core was the stuff of everyday American violence. A killer and a city street and a wild ride to an emergency room and a young body too broken to repair. But it was Camelot and this was John Kennedy, and television now rushed in to make the dreadful event an epic.

Madness descended. Motorcycle cops jumped curbs, machines roaring over the grass in a ballet of aimless panic. The crowd on the grassy knoll looked like it had been swept with a giant scythe. The street was empty, a stark, lifeless slab of concrete that smelled of disaster. Kennedy's motorcade had been chopped in two like a luckless centipede, the front end blown to God knew where, the rear end writhing and thrashing.

The presidential limousine rested at Parkland Hospital. A grim young man was washing away the blood and flesh that had splattered the leather upholstery. The sight was shattering. The red roses given to Jackie were still in the car—crushed, broken. The young man in his neat dark suit, sleeves pushed up, swabbed the seats. They glistened in their miserable wetness. Beside the car was a bucket with brownish red water. If any doubt remained about this calamity, it was swept away in one glance at that bucket. So simple, so hideous.

The nurses' classroom at Parkland became a vortex of the world's clamor for information. Each word from that tiny point of a suburban hospital was flung across continents.

Two priests left the hospital, silent, sagging. Their duty was plainly over, whatever it had been. Asked if Kennedy was dead or alive, they remained silent for a few seconds. Then one of them blurred the terrible truth: "He's dead, all right." The four words



ABOARD AIR FORCE ONE, THE NEW GOVERNMENT FORMS

were carried back to the temporary pressroom, then exploded around the world.

The tragedy enlarged through the afternoon. First had come the awareness of the death of a man, a friend, a father and a husband. Then numbed nerves began to grapple with the fact that the Government too was brain-dead for the moment. There was the sense of a beast in convulsion at Parkland. Police rushed here and there. Vehicles circled, darted. A small coterie with Vice President Lyndon Johnson... No, try it again. A small coterie with President Lyndon Johnson dashed for Love

Field and Air Force One. A piece of lead weighing less than an ounce had blown away a single mind, and history had been halted in its tracks, pushed back a generation, then hesitantly restarted, but in a different direction.

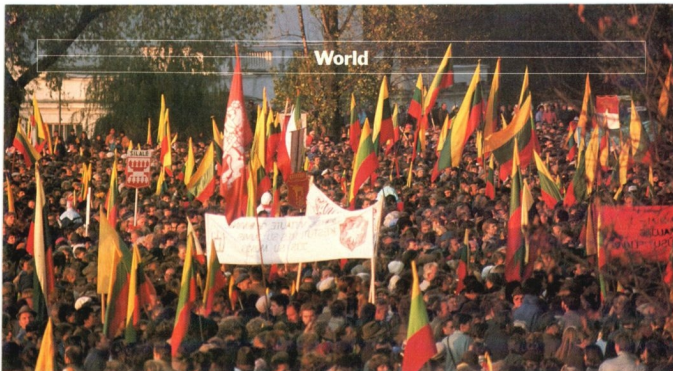
Tragedy picks out its participants without regard for position or prestige. Press secretary Pierre Salinger was flying to Japan with a Cabinet delegation, so Malcolm Kilduff, his deputy, became the link between the trauma room at Parkland and the world beyond. On a torn fragment of paper, he crafted in a few short sentences the message that would sadden the globe. "President John F. Kennedy died..."

As newsmen shouted, Kilduff sought out an empty room with a friend. The scrap of paper with its devastating message quivered like a leaf in his fingers. He lighted a cigarette. Then something broke. "I saw that man's head," he sobbed. "I couldn't believe it. I nearly died. Oh, my God. Oh, my God."

At noon John Kennedy had grinned and waved back as the cheers cascaded down the Dallas streets. Two hours later what was left of him re-entered the public domain on the loading dock of Parkland Hospital. "I can't stand it," muttered one of the journalists watching. "Like dirty laundry out the back door." Jackie carried what dignity was left. Face stained, clothes marked with dried blood, eyes straight ahead, hand on the bronze casket as it was wheeled down the ramp. Several aides walked beside Jackie. The whole bright prospect of their new world shaped by their friend and leader had been vaporized in an instant by Oswald.

Jackie was helped into the white hearse to ride with Kennedy's body to Air Force One. Everything about the scene was small and colorless—casket salesman, disheveled reporters, unpainted concrete, exhaust fumes, arguing police and security men, traffic grinding by on a freeway.

The new Government formed in the fuselage of Air Force One, yet another ritual that mocked dignity. But it was, perhaps, that magnificent plane that began to reclaim the majesty of the presidency. With the body of Kennedy onboard, the new President invested formally, Colonel James Swindal taxied his plane out on the emptied runway of Love Field. The ship paused in lonely splendor, then lifted off into a blue sky, clean and beautiful even in that mournful flight.



In Vilnius, Lithuanians rally under their national banner: multiplying demands for sovereignty have already alarmed Moscow

JOHN ROHAN

• SOVIET UNION

The Cracks Within

An upsurge of nationalism becomes Gorbachev's greatest challenge

"The unbreakable union of free republics, joined together forever by great Russia..." At 6 a.m. each day, the opening lines of the Soviet state anthem ring out in Russian from radios across the vast country. They are heard by reindeer-herding Chukchi tribesmen in Siberia, Buryat farmers near the Mongolian border and Estonian fishermen by the Baltic Sea. The words project an illusion of homogeneity that Moscow finds increasingly difficult to maintain.

As Mikhail Gorbachev has learned since coming to power in 1985, the "unbreakable union" has a few cracks. The 285 million Soviet people form a patchwork of at least 100 ethnic groups in 15 national republics, 20 autonomous republics, eight autonomous regions and ten autonomous areas. Only about 140 million are ethnic Russians—and a growing number of the remainder are restless.

In December 1986, Kazakh youths rampaged through Alma Ata to protest the appointment of an ethnic Russian as party first secretary of Kazakhstan. In July 1987, Crimean Tatars demanded the right to return to their homeland on the Black Sea, from which they were removed in 1944. Last February, Armenians and Azerbaijanis began to clash over control of Nagorno-Karabakh, a predominantly Armenian enclave south of the Cauca-

sus. And last week in the Estonian capital of Tallinn, the local supreme soviet turned down constitutional amendments proposed by Moscow and voiced new demands for sovereignty. Two days later, the Lithuanian supreme soviet raised similar objections, but stopped short of constitutional rebellion. Thousands of demonstrators gathered in the Lithuanian capital, Vilnius, to protest the compromise vote.

The Russian-dominated leadership in Moscow can find small comfort in the fact that the Estonian itch for independence has not spread considerably farther—yet. Under Leonid Brezhnev, Soviet nationality policy seemed to mean that national groups could organize the likes of folkloric song and dance companies, but that the major decisions affecting the welfare of national groups were made in Moscow. Bureaucratic centralization reached such absurd dimensions that, as a Lithuanian once complained, "Ivan Petrovich must rule on the opening times for toilets in towns with names he cannot even pronounce."

Two weeks ago, the party's Central Committee announced a mid-1989 plenum to discuss the sensitive ethnic issue; the outcome may help shape a policy that goes beyond current disjointed prescriptions. In examining the Soviet Union's ethnic dilemma, TIME offers a report on the two republics that present Gorbachev with his greatest challenge: Estonia and Armenia. ■

SOVIET MOSAIC

Population of ethnic groups in millions, based on 1979 census

Russians	137.4	Turkmen	2.0
Ukrainians	42.3	Germans	1.9
Uzbeks	12.5	Kirgiz	1.9
Belorussians	9.5	Jews	1.8
Kazakhs	6.6	Chuvash	1.8
Tatars	6.3	Dagestanis	1.7
Azerbaijanis	5.5	Latvians	1.4
Armenians	4.1	Bashkirs	1.4
Georgians	3.6	Mordovians	1.2
Moldavians	3.0	Poles	1.2
Tadzhiks	2.9	Estonians	1.0
Lithuanians	2.9		

ESTONIA

BY JOHN KOHAN TALLINN

Topped by green, onion-domed cupolas, the St. Alexander Nevsky Cathedral overlooks the center of Tallinn, a reminder of Estonia's two centuries of domination by the Russian Czars. Last week a crowd of more than 1,000 gathered at the church portico to demonstrate support for the Estonian supreme soviet, or parliament, as it joined in a battle of wills with Moscow. Near the cathedral steps, an elderly woman clutched a pennant of blue, black and white, the colors of the long-banned Estonian flag. Students in blue and crimson visored caps unfurled banners. NO TO COLONIAL LAWS read a sign in Cyrillic lettering.

Across the square at Toompea Castle, 264 deputies were assembled in the parliamentary chamber for an extraordinary session. After a day of sometimes passionate debate that was broadcast live over radio and television, the legislators, in an unprecedented display of national assertion, voted unanimously to reject a package of proposed constitutional changes that will be presented next week to the Supreme Soviet in Moscow.

The deputies then took their defiance a long step further: they agreed to amend the Estonian constitution to grant the republic's own supreme soviet the right to "suspend or establish limits" on Moscow-promulgated legislation affecting Estonian territory. Another vote made state property the possession of Estonia rather than the Soviet Union. Yet another called for a new "treaty of the union" with Moscow based on "principles of parity." Never was the word independence mentioned, but the delegates made clear that Tallinn wanted a radically different relationship with Moscow. Declared Estonian Communist Party Leader Vaino Valjas: "The future of the country is in the hands of us all."

It was as if a mouse had suddenly decided to roar at a bear. The day after the session, the bear growled back. TASS announced that the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., the national legislature, considered the Estonian decisions "at variance with the provisions of the current constitution of the U.S.S.R." The Presidium declared that it would consider the issue at its next meeting and "invited" Estonian representatives to be present.

That set the stage for a showdown between Moscow and one of the Soviet Union's smallest and most recently acquired republics. Nonetheless, on a state visit to India last week, Mikhail Gorbachev made an effort at conciliation. He praised Estonia for its "pioneering work to develop initiatives," and admitted that "there have been mistakes" in Moscow's

dealings with the republic. "They have many constructive proposals, but there are also some which have been dictated by emotion," he said. "I hope we shall decide everything correctly."

Gorbachev's remarks contrasted with comments he had made just before the extraordinary session in Tallinn. During a speech at the southwestern agricultural center of Oryol, he acknowledged that his policies of *glasnost* had "brought to light a lot of problems . . . in interethnic relations." But Gorbachev declared, "We decisively condemn attempts at artificial aggravation of these questions, at advancing ultimatum demands."

Four days earlier, the Kremlin had dispatched three Politburo members to the Baltic region to head off dissent on the constitutional package. While Vadim Medvedev, party secretary for ideology, visited factories in Latvia, and Politburo

nist Youth League, rather than by voters in local constituencies. Legal experts in Tallinn contend that the parliamentary reorganization will dilute the influence of the individual republics in national affairs. They specifically fear that the innovations will give those Soviet citizens who belong to national organizations the equivalent of a second vote.

Moreover, the Estonians are opposed to Kremlin proposals that would grant additional power to a reorganized Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. Such a parliament would have jurisdiction over regional economic programs and over the legal status of public organizations. The Supreme Soviet would be indirectly elected by the Congress of the People's Deputies. In times of emergency, its Presidium would be able to impose "special forms of administration"—a term left deliberately vague—anywhere in the country.



Yearnings and fears: Estonians gather in the center of Tallinn

member Nikolai Slyunkov engaged in street debates in Lithuania, former KGB chief Viktor Chebrikov confronted the restive Estonians. "You can achieve sovereignty," he warned during a factory visit, "but you can lose everything else."

The constitutional issues that disturb Estonians go to the heart of the balance of power between Moscow and the federated republics. Part of Gorbachev's plan to democratize his country involves the creation of a Congress of the People's Deputies, which would wield legislative power over everything from constitutional changes to adjustments in state boundaries. Estonian concern focuses on a bloc of 750 legislators in the 2,250-member Congress who are to be elected by pan-Soviet organizations, such as artists' unions, veterans groups or the Commu-

Toomas Leito, editor of the Estonian Party daily *Rahva Haal*, says the reforms give "more power to the Supreme Soviet than should be the case under a federal system." Agrees Lembit Koik, a leader of the quasi-official Popular Front of Estonia: "We want a Soviet Union that is really a union of republics, not indivisible Holy Russia."

In some ways, Gorbachev has himself to blame for the Estonian impasse. His calls for a "second revolution" of democratic change have been well heeded in the republic—perhaps too well. A host of grass-roots groups have sprung up to embrace the cause of "democratization." The most prominent is the Popular Front, an avowedly moderate movement committed to furthering *perestroika* policies. It has attracted as many as 300,000 people to its

ARMENIA

BY PAUL HOFHEINZ YEREVAN

Almost every day for five weeks, a group of Armenians had huddled in the winter chill in front of Moscow's six-story Supreme Court building, slapping their arms against the sides of their brown fur coats to keep warm. Their breath burst forth in clouds of pale steam as they talked quietly to one another, discussing the fate of those on trial.

Inside, in a crowded courtroom, three young Azerbaijani defendants sat motionless as they listened to witnesses describe a violent clash between ethnic Armenians and ethnic Azerbaijanis that left 32 dead and 400 wounded in the Azerbaijani port city of Sumgait last February. Struggling to hold back tears, an aging Armenian woman described how she had watched an Azerbaijani mob burn a man to death in his automobile. A Russian doctor described the head wounds he had found on the corpse of a man beaten to death with lead pipes.

Last week the ordeal came to an end as a three-member panel of justices sentenced Akhmet Akhmetov, 24, to death for his part in what has been described as the worst ethnic clash in Soviet history. Akhmetov, the oldest of the three men on trial, was charged with "organizing and participating in pogroms, murder and arson." The cases of his co-defendants were sent back for further investigation. "I suppose I'm pleased," said an Armenian who had come to the courtroom every day since the proceedings began on Oct. 18. "But we really wanted to get at his leaders. He didn't act alone, after all."

Some 1,200 miles to the southeast, in the Armenian Republic, the upheaval set in motion by the Sumgait riots was still under way, though in muffled fashion. Since February, Armenians have been in near open revolt over Moscow's refusal to transfer to Armenian control the mountain enclave of Nagorno-Karabakh (pop. about 160,000), where an Armenian majority has lived under Azerbaijani rule for nearly 70 years. Demonstrations first erupted when news began trickling back into Yerevan, the Armenian capital, that Armenians in Nagorno-Karabakh were being beaten, raped and killed by Azerbaijanis, people who are ethnically related to Turks.

Since then the Armenian Republic has been paralyzed three times by widespread work stoppages protesting the Kremlin's refusal to countenance a border change despite the violence committed against Armenians next door. Twice the Soviet government has had to dispatch troops to Yerevan to quell distur-

rallies. Alongside the Popular Front are smaller, more vociferous nationalist organizations, such as the unofficial Estonian National Independence Party, which advocates secession from the Soviet Union.

The burst of reformist activity has also swept through the Estonian Communist Party. Last June its first secretary, Karl Vaino, was relieved of his duties and replaced by Valjas, 57, a Gorbachev ally who had been brought back from diplomatic exile as Ambassador to Nicaragua.

The tensions in Tallinn reflect frustrations that have accumulated over nearly 50 years, following Moscow's 1940 annexation of the territory. Since then, Moscow's policies have whittled down the Estonian-controlled sector of the economy to 13% and living standards have eroded. Everything from the cost of

to turn the Baltic States into "self-financing" republics, fiscally independent of Moscow and empowered to manage their natural resources. Language is another concern: last month the Estonian supreme soviet issued a draft law declaring Estonian the official language of the republic. Plans are also being discussed to introduce a form of Estonian citizenship as a step toward controlling immigration.

Estonian assertiveness has led to a backlash in the Russian-speaking community, where a group known as Intermovement has emerged to challenge the Popular Front. Intermovement claims 90,000 members, mostly workers in industrial areas where ethnic Russians predominate. Economist Konstantin Kiknadze, an Intermovement leader whose mother is Russian and whose father is



The anguish of the past: Estonians unveil a memorial to the victims of Stalinism

movie tickets to bread recipes for bakeries is determined in Moscow, a condition that the Popular Front's Koik condemns as "colonialism, not economic management."

Centralization has also battered the fragile Baltic environment. Economists estimate that nearly all the pollution that fouls Estonian rivers, lakes and the Baltic Sea is emitted by industries controlled by eight Moscow ministries. An even touchier question is Moscow's role in skewing the republic's demography. During the industrialization drive of the 1960s and 1970s, the Kremlin sent huge numbers of non-Estonian workers to the region. As a result, Estonians now make up only 60% of the population. The influx has revived bitter memories of Stalin-era deportations, when tens of thousands of Estonians were branded as opponents of Soviet rule and deported to Siberia.

In response to Popular Front appeals, some local planners are touting a scheme

Georgian, charges that the Popular Front wants to "exchange a Moscow bureaucracy for one that is Estonian."

At this delicate juncture, calmer minds on both sides agree that the last thing anyone wants is a violent ethnic clash. Says editor Leito: "We simply cannot permit a split into rival groups as in Ulster or Lebanon." Nonetheless, the tension in Estonia is accompanied by exhilaration over the fact that vital issues are finally being aired. Many Estonians take the optimistic view that as long as there is no upheaval in the streets, the Kremlin will not call the republic to account. Says a Tallinn intellectual: "We are a legal-minded people and are prepared to examine everything in terms of the standards of international justice. That is an approach that Moscow officials will find difficult to oppose." After all, Gorbachev has often called for a Soviet state governed by law. He can hardly fault the Estonians for putting that principle to the test. ■

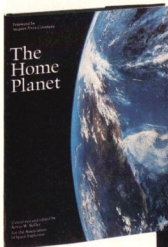
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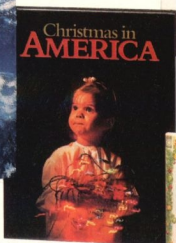
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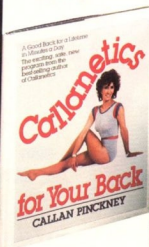
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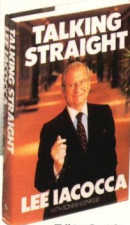
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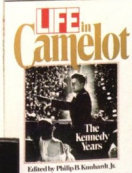


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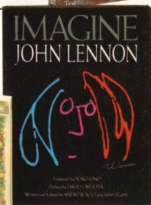
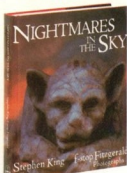


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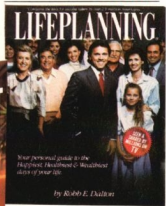
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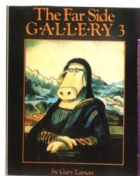
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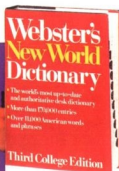
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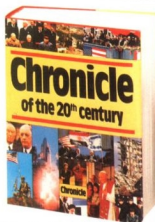


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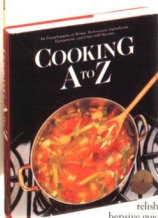


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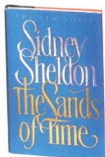
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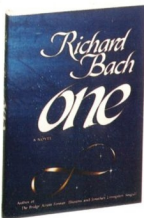
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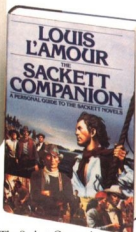
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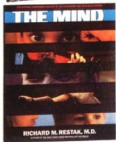
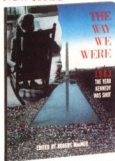


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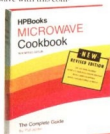
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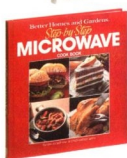
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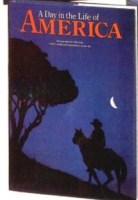
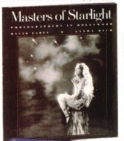
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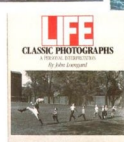
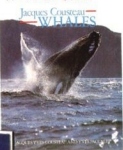
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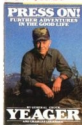
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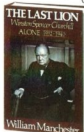
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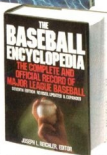
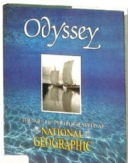
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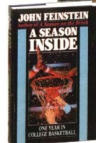


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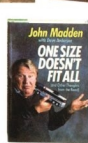
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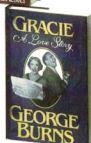
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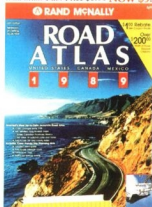


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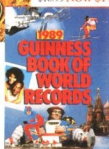


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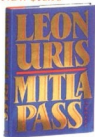


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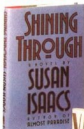
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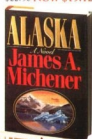
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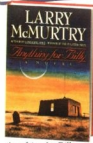
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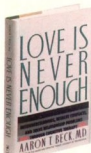
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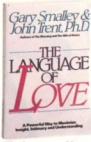
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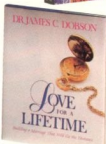
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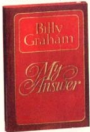


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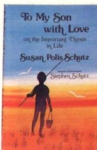
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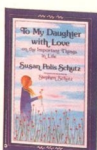
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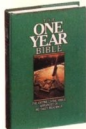
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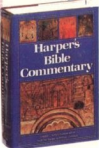
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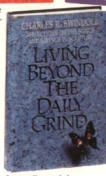
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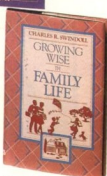
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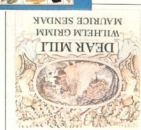
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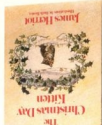


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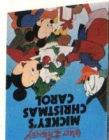


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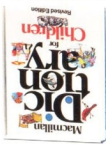
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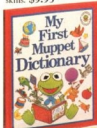
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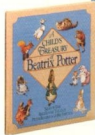


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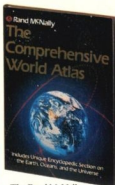
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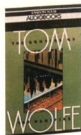


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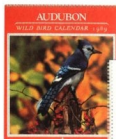


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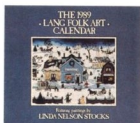
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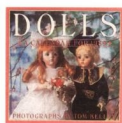
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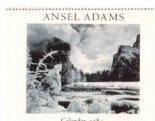
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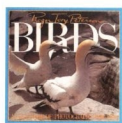
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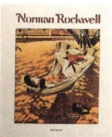
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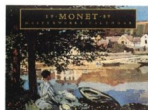
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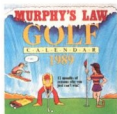
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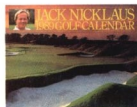


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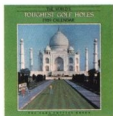


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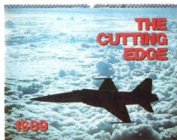
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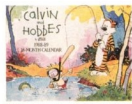
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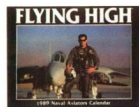
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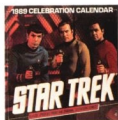
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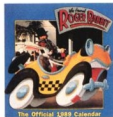
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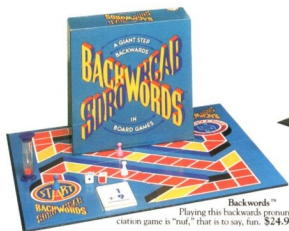


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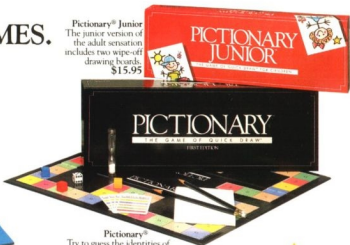
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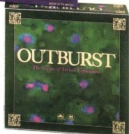


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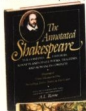


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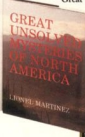
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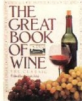
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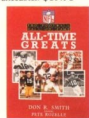
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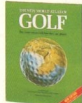
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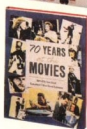
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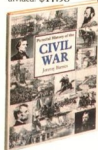
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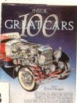
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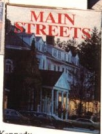
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World

bances. Last July a boy was killed by a plastic bullet and 36 people were wounded during a confrontation with soldiers at Yerevan's Zvartnots Airport.

Despite the crackdown, thousands of Armenians still gather nearly every Friday in Theater Square, a small plaza tucked behind Yerevan's neoclassical opera house. Around 7 p.m., old women, their heads wrapped in shawls, begin to perch on the steps leading to the theater. Bands of youths, sometimes unruly, wave the orange-red-and-blue Armenian flag, which last flew over the region when it was a free republic in 1920. Later, at about 7:30, a lone bugler approaches a microphone and plays a melancholy tune. When the last note dies, the crowd breaks into a chant: "Artsakh! Artsakh!"—the historic Armenian name for Nagorno-Karabakh.

Trapped between the leadership in Moscow and a broad-based popular movement at home, the Armenian Communist Party has tried to equivocate. In June its newly elected first secretary, Soren Arutyunyan, along with the Armenian Supreme Soviet, defied Moscow's wishes by petitioning the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. to reopen the Nagorno-Karabakh question. (The enclave was assigned to Azerbaijan by Joseph Stalin in 1923.) But Arutyunyan also declared that the Yerevan demonstrators were "not supported by the broad masses." In reply, Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev chided an Armenian delegation that had come to the Kremlin to plead the cause. Gorbachev described Armenian demonstrators as "opponents of *perestroika*" who "wanted to poison the people's consciousness with nationalist intoxication."

In Yerevan the movement to join Armenia has spawned its own leaders. Foremost among them is the shadowy Karabakh Committee, which loosely coordinates the Theater Square demonstrations. The committee, officially disbanded in March, still has eleven active members, who meet regularly despite the threat of prison sentences should the government decide to act. "We lead totally open lives," says Levon Ter-Petrosian, 43, a linguist and committee member. "If they arrested us, they'd have an insurrection on their hands." The Karabakh movement has recently begun to wage a fresh campaign for pleading its case in Moscow. In October nationalist leader Khachik Stamboltzian abandoned a 21-

day-old hunger strike to exploit Gorbachev's democratization campaign and run for the regional parliament against the republic's sitting minister of the interior. He polled nearly three times as many votes as his opponents, but was disqualified on a technicality.

After that happened, such a roar went up at the weekly demonstrations in Theater Square that authorities were forced to restage the election. This time Stamboltzian won with an astonishing 98% of the votes. This week he is scheduled to take his seat as the first acknowledged radical in the Armenian supreme soviet.



Outraged Armenians demand that officials honor election results

Unlike some citizens in the Baltic republics, Armenians do not seriously contemplate secession from the Soviet Union. "Look at us, surrounded by Turkey and Iran," says an Armenian party official. "Secession would be the stupidest thing we could do. We'd be swallowed up immediately." His comments are backed by history: for several centuries, Armenians and Turks fought for control of the Lesser Caucasus mountain range, which borders Asia Minor. During that struggle, Armenians often turned to their Russian neighbors for help. In the 19th century, Russians and Armenians built a string of fortress cities along what is now the Soviet-Turkish border.

But, above all, Armenians remember the massacre that began in 1915 in which more than 1 million Armenians died at the hands of Turkish mobs. A small memorial commemorating the event is located in a corner of Theater Square. One

photograph taped to the wall depicts three Turkish army officers posing with a pile of severed Armenian heads, stacked up like bowling balls.

For all their long-standing ties with Moscow, the Armenians have a detailed list of complaints against the Soviet state. Aside from the Nagorno-Karabakh issue, a special sore point has been bureaucratic insensitivity to the environment, as in the Baltic states. Ever since the Soviet Union under Stalin began to industrialize in the 1920s, Moscow has built the republic into a leading chemical-production center. One result is chronic air pollution. "The

air is so bad, you can no longer see Mount Ararat," complains a Yerevan resident, referring to the snow-peaked 16,945-ft. mountain some 30 miles away across the Turkish border.

Next month the movement to return Nagorno-Karabakh to Armenian control will attempt to broaden its character by transforming itself into a Baltic-style Armenian All-National Movement. Like similar organizations in Estonia and Lithuania, the group will officially be committed to supporting *perestroika*, though its agenda may not be identical to Moscow's. So far, the group's organizers have not announced a specific program, but they are expected to press for issues such as more Armenian-language instruction in schools, greater economic independence for the region, and the right to establish embassies in other Soviet republics with cities that have sizable Armenian populations.

As Armenian organizations gain sophistication, popular resentment is growing at Moscow's apparent disdain for nationalist grievances. While accounts of Stalin's crimes have been splashed across the pages of leading Soviet newspapers, the Armenian crisis has virtually been ignored. *Pravda* has given only vague accounts of the Yerevan demonstrations; when articles have appeared, correspondents have condemned the protests as the work of "corrupt elements" and "extremists." Says Ter-Petrosian: "What we are doing is what Gorbachev says he wants: people participating in government decisions." Adds another Armenian who regularly attends the Theater Square meetings: "He should be proud of us. We've shown that there's still blood in our veins." At the moment, no one is certain whether more of that blood will spill on the streets of Yerevan. ■

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PAKISTAN

Addressing the Future, Avenging the Past

Despite a storybook election victory, Benazir Bhutto wonders if she will get the right to rule

"Stand up to the challenge. Fight against overwhelming odds. Overcome the enemy." The late Zulfikar Ali Bhutto regularly exhorted his eldest daughter with such maxims. Benazir proved to be a keen listener. "In the stories my father had told us over and over again," she writes in her new autobiography, *Benazir Bhutto: Daughter of the East*, "good always triumphed over evil."

To Benazir Bhutto, last week's national elections in Pakistan must have seemed the storybook fulfillment of her father's fantasies. In the first truly free elections since the late President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq began his eleven years of autocratic rule, voters catapulted her Pakistan People's Party to dominance in the nation's politics and put Bhutto within reach of the prime-ministership once held by her beloved father. Dreams do come true. Scores do get settled.

The P.P.P. captured 92 of the parliament's 237 seats, decisively beating the Islamic Democratic Alliance, its nearest competitor and the relic of Zia, who died in a plane crash three months before the vote. The Alliance won only 55 seats. A surge of ethnic support thrust the fledgling Mohajir Qaumi Movement into the third and pivotal position with 13 seats.

Under Pakistan's complex electoral system, more seats have yet to be decided, so a Bhutto government remains in doubt. By week's end, odds were perhaps 50-50. But the results are an unmistakable personal victory, whether she becomes Prime Minister or opposition leader. "The People's Party has emerged as the single largest party," she declared. "The acting President should now call on the People's Party to form a government."

Acting President Ghulam Ishaq Khan is not bound to invite Bhutto to form a gov-

ernment. But it is hard to imagine his side-stepping her without unleashing a furious reaction. Bhutto handily won all three National Assembly seats she contested (two of which will have to be filled in by-elections), and her party was carried to victory mainly on the strength of her blazing speeches and dazzling charisma. Standing in a convoy of speeding jeeps, her head held high and covered with a colorful *dupatta*, or scarf, this 35-year-old Western-educated wife and mother attracted frenzied adulation. To deny her the right to govern could just as easily turn those adoring crowds into mutinous mobs.


The President could still give the Alliance first crack at fashioning a governing coalition, but its two main leaders failed to win Assembly seats. Command of the Alliance was ceded to Mian Nawaz Sharif, chief minister of Punjab and a Zia protégé, who won two seats.

Ishaq Khan hinted he would not automatically bypass Bhutto: "I think a woman Prime Minister might be a good change." In the male-dominated Muslim society of Pakistan, it would be an astonishing one. That did not daunt Bhutto. She immediately set out to solicit coalition partners. By Thursday night she claimed, "We already have a simple majority in the parliament." But Nawaz Sharif is also scrambling to assemble a majority, and likewise predicts he will succeed.

Whatever its makeup, Pakistan's new government will be the first run by civilians since Zia came to power. Four months earlier, the country's 102 million people would not have dared to hope for such an outcome. When Zia announced elections last July, he almost certainly planned to ban political parties. Only when Zia died in the still unexplained crash of his C-130 transport on Aug. 17 did the prospect for party participation emerge.

Even so, Pakistanis feared a repetition of the violence and ballot-box fraud that rapidly destroyed nearly all the country's previous attempts at democratic rule. The quiet this week at the 33,328 polling stations was hailed as a triumph of restraint. "Peace has not broken down," wrote Maleeha Lodhi, editor of the *Muslim*, an Islamabad-based daily. "Violence has remained well within the limits of subcontinental acceptability."

For Bhutto, the election was a battle among ghosts. She was driven by a fierce longing to avenge her father's death. Amid charges of corruption, election-rigging and autocracy, the elder Bhutto was toppled from power in 1977 by Zia, who two years later authorized Bhutto's execution. "I told him on my oath in his death cell, I would carry on his work," Benazir Bhutto once said. In achieving victory by playing up her father's name and his strong populist appeal, she in ef-



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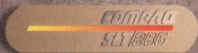
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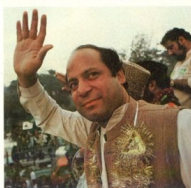
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fact vindicated his chaotic 5½-year rule. Moreover, by besting the eight-party Alliance, which included many supporters of Zia's policies, she wreaked posthumous vengeance on the man who had her father put to death. Says Mushahid Hussain, a Pakistani journalist: "I think that Zia has finally been buried with this election."

But the general's army is still alive and well. Its looming presence compelled Bhutto to moderate her father's nationalist-socialist program. She declared her devotion to free speech and free markets, and repeatedly assured the military they had nothing to fear from a P.P.P. regime. Praising the army's restraint as "critical to the restoration of democracy," she embraced the military's interests: close ties with the West, continued support for the *mujahedin* in Afghanistan and development of Pakistan's unacknowledged nuclear-weapons capability.

The military has signaled its intention to honor the election results. Just eight days after Zia's death, army Chief of Staff



In Lahore, Mian Nawaz Sharif courts votes

The Alliance leaders virtually washed out.

Mirza Aslam Baig instructed his officers, "Stick to your assigned job, leave politics to the politicians." However nervous at the prospect of another Bhutto government they may be, the generals have made no move to intervene.

A keener obstruction to Bhutto's authority may be the traditional attitudes of Pakistan's Islamic people. Not all are eager to live under the first Muslim government headed by a woman. In the days prior to the election, 40 mullahs issued a *fatwa*, or religious verdict, warning that a nation headed by a woman cannot prosper and risks falling "into the pit of Western cultural degeneration."

If Bhutto takes the helm, she will no doubt soften the literal reading of Islamic law espoused by Zia. But after enduring military rule for much of its 41 years, Pakistan is likely to find its experiment with democracy nothing less than tumultuous. The people have signaled their desire for a popularly elected government that is measured in years, not months. Now it is time for Benazir Bhutto to lay to rest the shades of her own and her country's past and see what kind of maxims she can write for Pakistan's democratic future.

—By Jill Smolowe.

Reported by Edward W. Desmond/Lahore

"A Sense There Is Justice"

To her supporters, she is an avenging angel who promises to restore democracy. To opponents, she is impetuous, arrogant and inexperienced, a menace intent on undermining Islam and order. Angel or devil, Benazir Bhutto, 35, now holds the keys to the kingdom.

Nothing in her upbringing as the indulged eldest daughter of a wealthy landholding Sindhi family, or in her education at Harvard and Oxford, prepared her to shoulder her

father's legacy so much as the trials she endured after his execution. Jailed or detained for more than five years, and exiled for two more, she returned triumphantly in 1986 as the leader of the Pakistan People's Party (P.P.P.). Deaf to criticism of her autocratic father, she seems determined to do what is necessary to restore his reputation. TIME correspondents Ross H. Munro and Edward W. Desmond spoke with her at home.

Q. People have called you arrogant.

A. Perhaps one mellows with age. It is good to have the idealism of youth. But there is a lot more pragmatism to life.

Q. You, your mother and your father-in-law are candidates for National Assembly seats. Why not your husband?

A. Asif is making a sacrifice. For the sake of a harmonious life, he determined to give up his own political constituency.

Q. We were struck by surprising words in your manifesto: deregulation, fair taxes, privatization.

A. Yes. We need money, technology, investment. We tried nationalization in the 1970s, but that led to tremendous polarization in society. We want to avoid that.

Q. Will the army let you reduce its power?

A. We should think of this as a country where the military is seeking any pretext to intervene. I would not like to provide the pretext.

Q. Where do you stand on Afghanistan?



Bhutto looks ahead with confidence

A. We will abide by the agreements made by the Pakistani government.

Q. Would you halt all efforts to develop nuclear weapons?

A. We believe in a peaceful program for energy purposes and nothing else.

Q. You feel obliged to follow in your father's footsteps?

A. My father used to say politics is a passion. It's never been a passion for me [but] a sense of duty. In the worst moments, that sense did not allow me to become demoralized.

Q. Your autobiography shows how you felt about what Zia had done to your family.

A. The biggest challenge was overcoming bitterness. We don't believe in a politics of vindictiveness or persecution. History must know whether the end was the right end or not.

Q. How does it feel to have succeeded?

A. It is very much a sense that there is justice.



At the urging of the P.L.O. chairman, the Palestinian council points toward an independent state

MIDDLE EAST

Too Little, Too Late, Too Vague

Israel and the U.S. rebuff Yasser Arafat's latest offer



Peering out at the assembled Palestinians in the domed auditorium of the Club des Pins convention center, Yasser Arafat donned a pair of spectacles and began reading softly from the document he held in his hands. Then the Palestine Liberation Organization chairman's voice suddenly rose in a crescendo and his right arm chopped the air. "In the name of God, and in the name of the Palestinian Arab people," Arafat shouted into the microphone, "the Palestine National Council announces the establishment of the state of Palestine, with holy Jerusalem as its capital."

For all the fanfare at last week's gathering of the P.L.O.'s parliament on the outskirts of Algiers, Arafat's new state came into existence in name only, a largely symbolic response by P.L.O. leaders who wanted to show some political results for the eleven-month-old Palestinian uprising in the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip. Only hours earlier, Arafat had overcome the protests of Palestinian hard-liners and persuaded the council to reverse its long-standing rejection of U.N. Resolutions 242 and 338, which implicitly recognize Israel's right to exist. Needing a legal foundation for setting up a Palestinian state, Arafat cited the U.N. Partition Plan of 1947, previously denounced by the P.L.O. as illegal, which recognizes the

right to statehood of both Jews and Arabs.

Arafat's supporters hailed the moves as a historic compromise with their enemy. Certainly the actions represented a victory for Palestinian moderates. Starting with Algeria, more than 30 countries, including Turkey, Yugoslavia and numerous Arab and nonaligned nations, quickly recognized the self-declared state; as many as 130 are expected to do so. The Soviet Union recognized Arafat's proclamation but did not immediately extend full diplomatic relations. In the occupied territories, the Israeli army clamped on curfews to prevent violent outbursts or jubilant displays. Though shopkeepers in Arab East Jerusalem passed out chocolates and local residents exchanged greetings of "Mabrouk" (congratulations), some West Bankers disparaged Arafat's half step toward Israel. The fundamentalist-led Islamic Resistance Movement dis-

World

tributed a leaflet that declared, "This independence movement is imaginary. It is a quick move by some of the Palestinian ranks to steal the fruits of the *intifadeh*'s victory."

Israeli officials quickly dismissed Arafat's actions as irrelevant gimmickry designed largely to improve the P.L.O.'s image abroad. Arafat's message, in fact, was aimed not so much at Israel as at the U.S., which the Palestinian leader feels is the only country that can pressure Israel to withdraw from the West Bank and Gaza. Said Arafat: "The ball is now in the American court."

State Department spokesman Charles Redman called the outcome of the Algerian meeting "encouraging" but rejected the declaration of statehood. He pointed out that once again Arafat had failed to satisfy U.S. conditions for entering into direct talks with the P.L.O. Not only had the Palestinians failed to recognize Israel explicitly and to renounce terrorism completely, but the wording in the P.L.O. endorsement of the U.N. resolutions was deliberately vague. Advisers to President-elect George Bush agreed that the P.L.O.'s actions were ambiguous and inadequate, but they seemed less rigid in their reaction. "It is important not to dismiss the P.L.O. declarations as nothing new," said a Bush aide. "This is their most direct acceptance of U.N. Resolutions 242 and 338 ever. That is at least a half step forward, no matter how you slice it."

Much to Arafat's embarrassment, two reputed terrorists only reinforced doubts about the P.L.O.'s trustworthiness by staging showy appearances at the Club des Pins. Abul Abbas, convicted in absentia by an Italian court for the 1985 hijacking of the cruise ship *Achille Lauro*, took his seat as a member of the P.L.O.'s executive committee. Speaking to reporters about the murder of an elderly American Jew, Leon Klinghoffer, a man in a wheelchair who was thrown overboard during the incident, Abbas said with chilling sarcasm, "Maybe he was trying to swim for it." P.L.O. hard-liners also gave red-carpet treatment to Khaled Abdel Nasser, son of the late Egyptian President, who fled Egypt late last year after being indicted

WHAT THE P.L.O. DID ... AND DID NOT DO

● Declared the establishment of an independent Palestinian state ...

● Endorsed U.N. Resolutions 242 and 338, which implicitly recognize Israel ...

● Renounced terrorism ...

● But while hinting that the state would include the West Bank and Gaza Strip, did not specify the boundaries.

● But did not explicitly recognize Israel.

● But refused to swear off attacks inside Israel or the occupied territories.

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for a string of terrorist attacks on U.S. and Israeli diplomats in Cairo.

As the P.L.O. adopted a more moderate program, Israeli politicians began putting together a coalition that could prove more intransigent than ever. Israeli President Chaim Herzog asked Yitzhak Shamir—the Likud-bloc leader who campaigned on a platform to crush the *intifadeh*, resist calls for an international peace conference and never surrender the West Bank—to form the next government. After flirting with small religious and right-wing parties, Shamir last week began negotiations with Shimon Peres, leader of the Labor Party, that could once again bring the nation's two largest political groups into a national unity government.

If that happens, however, Peres will be very much the junior partner and thus poorly positioned to push his proposals for an international peace conference and a settlement with Palestinians. Some Israelis believe Shamir will unilaterally grant Palestinians limited autonomy under Israeli jurisdiction, but as a permanent solution and not as the interim arrangement envisioned in the Camp David accords.

The prospect of continuing unrest in the occupied territories and political stalemate puts increasing pressure on George Bush to come up with an effective Middle East policy. The key issue will be whether—and how—to get Shamir to move toward withdrawing from the West



President Herzog invites Shamir to form the next government
Likud leadership portends a hard time for compromise.

Bank and Gaza Strip and to enter into peace talks. Without U.S. pressure, Israel is unlikely to act, as Secretary of State George Shultz learned earlier this year when Shamir repeatedly snubbed his peace proposals.

Another difficult issue will be how to respond to the P.L.O. if Arafat continues making conciliatory proposals and Jordan's King Hussein, Israel's preferred negotiating partner, continues to exclude himself as an alternative spokesman for Palestinians. William Quandt, a Middle East expert at the Brookings Institution, criticized the U.S. response to Arafat's declarations as being "unimaginative and excessively cautious." Even British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher called the P.L.O.'s declarations "something to build

upon" and reportedly urged the U.S. to be more constructive. The U.S. may relax its self-imposed restrictions on dealing with the P.L.O. after James Baker becomes Secretary of State. It must decide then whether its current position of support for, at most, an autonomous Palestinian entity confederated with Jordan is still a viable option. "Shultz goes around perpetually mad at the Arabs," says a former aide, as a result of the disasters that befell U.S. policy in Lebanon in the early Reagan years.

The most immediate dilemma for U.S. officials is whether or not to grant Arafat a visa, in the face of strong opposition from American Jewish leaders and Israel, so that he can address the U.N. General Assembly on his peace proposals next month. If the U.S. refuses to allow him to enter the country, hard-liners within the P.L.O. will surely argue that a more flexible stance produces nothing. Arafat seemed to be protecting himself when he warned last week, "I can always come back to our P.N.C. and declare that moderation does not pay."

What Arafat and the P.L.O. achieved in Algiers last week was to serve notice that they were prepared to modify their positions. Now the new administrations in Israel and the U.S. face the challenge of probing the limits of that flexibility. —By Scott MacLeod. Reported by Dean Fischer/Algiers, Jon D. Hull/Jerusalem and Bruce van Voorst/Washington

Grapevine



Cicciolina on the move

JUST KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON. Ilona ("Cicciolina") Staller, 36, the X-rated film star elected to Italy's Parliament last year, tends to shed her clothes at unexpected—and public—moments. She wants to visit the U.S. but complains that she is being kept out. Nonsense, say U.S. officials in Rome. All Cicciolina must do is tell them whether she is merely vacationing, in which case a tourist visa will probably be issued, or if she will be, ahem, working. If she plans to stage an impromptu strip in the States, she may need a work visa.

EMERGENCY FUNDS. Accused of laundering hundreds of millions of dollars in drug-trade profits, three Swiss banks face stiff fines from the authorities. So why are officials at the Geneva-based International Committee to the Red Cross smiling? Because such fines are traditionally donated to the organization. "There have been few scandals recently," says a staffer, "but this one looks juicy. We may pick up a couple of hundred thousand francs, perhaps a million. Who knows?"

MADE IN MOSCOW? Everybody seems to be gearing up for more trade with the liberalized Soviet economy. Everybody, that is, except the Japanese. Tokyo is less interested in oil, gas and timber than it was in the past, and it is skeptical that the Soviet consumer-goods market will expand very much. But give Mikhail Gorbachev's representatives credit for courage when dealing with the land of Sony, Toyota and Nikon. At a meeting in Moscow, they suggested that the Japanese might like to buy Soviet TVs, cars and cameras. Said a Japanese official with a straight face: "We just listened."

BUMPER CROP. Preoccupied by political turmoil, Burma's military has largely abandoned its campaign to eradicate the country's poppy fields. But Burmese drug kingpin Khun Sa has expanded his operations into Laos. As a result, the opium harvest early next year in Asia's Golden Triangle is expected to top last season's 1,400-ton crop. With the increase in supply, the price for one kilogram is expected to drop from \$1,080 to \$900.



Cut-rate drug lord Khun Sa

World Notes

SOUTH AFRICA

Gunning For Apartheid

After right-wing Conservative Party whites won victories in several districts in last month's local elections, they talked boldly of reinstituting "petty apartheid" regulations that segregate public facilities, such as toilets, libraries and parks. Under pressure from the U.S., South African State President P.W. Botha charged that such policies would spark fresh pressure for international sanctions. Conservative Party leader Andries Treurnicht, Botha told a conference in Transvaal, "does not have to look his persecutors in the eye in the conference halls of the world."

But the Botha government's slow reforms face a far more menacing threat from the ultra-right. Last week, in a mad act of violence, Barend Strydom, 23, an Afrikaner expoliceman, gunned down blacks on a street in downtown Pretoria, smiling as he killed six and injured 17. Strydom belonged to the neofascist Afrikaner Resistance Movement



A victim of smiling killer gets help

(A.W.B.), whose members openly whip up racial feelings. Public shock led the government to ban a still more radical group, the tiny so-called B.B.B., or White Liberation Movement, as a clear warning to the A.W.B. and other avowed right-wing groups that the government wants them to tone down their militancy.

SOUTH KOREA

Less Fun For Chun

For hours this month, mesmerized South Koreans stared at their television sets as a national melodrama unfolded. Witness after witness tattled to a National Assembly investigating committee tales of corruption during the regime of former President Chun Doo Hwan, 57. The sordid revelations of wholesale cheating sparked widespread outrage among ordinary Koreans, and the government even had to mobilize 20,000 riot police to quell demonstrating students and dissidents. Citizens want the money back or Chun on trial. The mounting pressure seems to have reached the ex-President. He is expected to go on television this week to apologize for the perfidy, which has already landed nine of his relatives in jail. In exchange for a pardon, Chun will reportedly return some of his ill-gotten gains to the government and retire to the country outside Seoul.



Calculated innuendo: Fidel Ramos

THE PHILIPPINES

Sink or Swim?

Defense Secretary Fidel Ramos, 60, has been one of the more discreet members of President Corazon Aquino's fractious Cabinet. Ever since Aquino came to power in February 1986, Ramos has defended her government against a succession of coup attempts. But lately, the popular politician has set Manila abuzz with some calculated innuendos. Talking to the press about his loyalty to the faltering President, he said ambiguously, "I am loyal to the constitution and the presidency. There's nothing personal about it." Ramos cautioned government officials not to use the military as a "tool of the executive branch in the capricious exercise of its prerogatives."

Some observers think that Ramos, who this week becomes by Executive Order a de facto deputy commander of the armed forces, second in power only to Aquino, harbors his own ambitions for the presidential election scheduled for 1992. A recent poll gives him the highest approval rating of all officials in the country; he outpolled Aquino 79% to 73%. Amid rumors that Cory wants to kick him upstairs, might Ramos abandon her sinking ship of state first? "No," he said. Pause. Smile. "But then, I am a very good swimmer."



Arty politics: rebel posters ponder Najibullah's fate

AFGHANISTAN

Backing Away From a Client

The report from Kabul broadcast on last week's Soviet television program *International Panorama* startled some viewers. Remarkably

eran correspondent Mikhail Leshchinsky: "It may be said that the People's Democratic Party is not actually the ruling party in Afghanistan." Official leak or not, that represented another public step away from the Soviet-backed regime of Afghan President Najibullah. For months the

ruling P.D.P. has been given by a bitter internecine war over the correctness of Moscow and Najibullah's policy of "national reconciliation."

Leshchinsky's commentary seemed to reflect deepening Soviet pessimism about Najibullah's survival amid the outcome of the nine-year struggle against mujahedin insurgents. In Kabul the Kremlin appeared to be laying the groundwork for a negotiated change of government. Two weeks ago Sayed Mohammed Gulabzoi, the once powerful Interior Minister, was suddenly posted to Moscow as ambassador, a kind of exile. His apparent problem: opposition to compromise with the mujahedin. Last week another sympathizer of the hard-line Khalqi faction, Deputy Foreign Minister Abdul Ghafter Lakanwal, defected to the U.S. while in New York to attend the U.N. General Assembly.

A Head-On Collision

California's attack on auto-insurance rates may inspire a wider revolt

Like many Californians in the fast lane, Julie Kulas believes that the good life calls for a sleek and stylish car. So when the Los Angeles banker bought a new auto two years ago, she chose a \$20,000 Porsche. That was the easy part. When she went shopping for auto insurance, two companies refused to insure the sports car. Stunned by their rejection, Kulas wound up with a firm that charges \$4,600 a year to insure the Porsche and her husband's BMW. Says she: "This is outrageous. We're being penalized just because we have nice cars. We could buy another one for the amount we pay in insurance every year."

The Kulas joined millions of angry fellow travelers earlier this month in a consumer revolt that could roar out of California like a muscle car. By a 51%-to-49% count, the voters approved Proposition 103, which will slash insurance rates to 20% below November 1987 levels. Good drivers will get yet another 20% off.

Although the vote covered all types of property and casualty insurance, the auto-premium cuts were the heart of the measure. The most breathless of its proponents expect its impact to rival that of Proposition 13, the 1978 California initiative that set off a coast-to-coast fight against high property taxes. "The genie is out of the bottle," says Harvey Rosenfield, 36, the author of Proposition 103. "This is the taxpayer rebellion of the '80s."

The time may be ripe. Since 1983, auto-insurance premiums have climbed three times as fast as the inflation rate. Among the causes: bad roads, rising medical costs and growing traffic congestion. In New Jersey, where drivers pay the highest average rates in the U.S., a group of consumers pounded a car with a sledgehammer last February to demonstrate their rage. Each state regulates insurance separately, a practice that contributes to wide price differences from place to place. Several Midwestern states have been able

to control insurance costs to some degree by passing strong no-fault laws, under which drivers file claims with their own insurers instead of bringing expensive suits against one another.

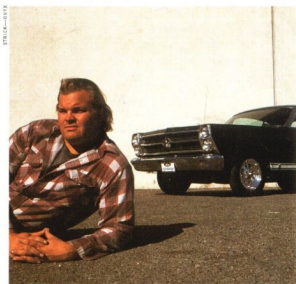
Yet in dozens of places where premium increases show no sign of slowing, Proposition 103 could become a rallying cry. Robert Hunter, president of the National Insurance Consumer Organization, a Virginia-based group, says he has been "deluged" with calls from drivers eager to have their own states cut rates.

The proving ground is California, where insurance firms are fighting back. Declaring that Proposition 103 would unleash a "wrecking ball" against them, the insurers rushed into court and obtained an order blocking the measure until the state supreme court can decide whether it is constitutional. At least eight auto insurers have already pulled out of California, even though the state's 13.5 million insured drivers account for more than 14%



NORTHRIDGE, CALIF.

Julie Kulas drives a 1987 Porsche 924S and her husband Christopher has a 1985 BMW 528e. Her auto coverage comes to \$2,800 a year, while his bill is \$1,800



SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

Jim Phipps pays \$2,350 a year just for liability insurance on his 1966 Ford Fairlane. Insurers refuse to cover the hot rod for its full value of about \$14,000, so he seldom drives it

of all U.S. car-insurance business. State Farm Mutual, California's largest auto underwriter, stopped issuing new policies last week and referred new California customers to a subsidiary that charges 20% higher rates.

All sides agreed that California's car premiums have careered out of control. Insurers, who blamed runaway medical expenses and repair bills, also accused the state's trial lawyers of persuading clients to bring unnecessary suits. Consumer activists replied that insurers were still making healthy profits in the state and noted that companies were able to spend \$70 million to fight Proposition 103 and promote alternatives on the ballot. (The measure's sponsors, led by Rosenfield and consumer advocate Ralph Nader, spent \$2.3 million to get it passed.)

In New Jersey, which has the highest traffic density in the U.S., motorists were stunned last summer to learn that state-imposed surcharges had increased their car premiums by some 20%. The sudden increase reflected the state's need to bail out a fund that insures high-risk motorists and has fallen \$2 billion in debt. While New Jersey lawmakers toughened the state's no-fault insurance laws, they remain too weak to prevent motorists from bringing costly lawsuits.

Massachusetts, another high-premium state, is trying to give drivers a break. A week before the vote in California, Massachusetts legislators approved a reform bill that will slice 16% off the state's tightly controlled auto rates in 1989.

Aimed at easing a 27% jump in premiums over the past two years, the measure includes several cost-saving features to placate insurers. Yet such provisions could not halt a continuing exodus that has seen six major firms abandon the state since 1986. Allstate joined their ranks last week, when the Sears subsidiary said it would stop selling policies in Massachusetts to escape the state's stringent regulations.

Many car owners are responding to high insurance rates in risky ways. While most states require motorists to have policies, a growing number of drivers are hitting the road—and each other—without insurance. In Florida's Dade County, which includes Miami, more than 50% of all motorists have no coverage, according to state officials.

The rural and industrial heartland could prove resistant to an insurance revolt. Cushioned by strong no-fault plans in some states and, frequently, less crowded highways, Midwesterners have among the lowest auto premiums in the country. Even motorists in such cities as Cleveland and Chicago have lower rates than their counterparts elsewhere. Chicago has extensive mass transit, for one thing, and the city's drivers tend to

file fewer lawsuits than drivers in Boston or Los Angeles.

The California insurance quake may soon draw the attention of Washington lawmakers. While virtually no politician wants the Federal Government to regulate insurance, a broad coalition of consumer and other groups has urged Congress to end an anti-trust exemption that insurers have enjoyed since 1945. The groups say the repeal would promote competition and drive down rates. So far, the industry has easily turned back the challenge. "Auto-insurance prices are driven by underlying costs," argues David Farmer, vice president for federal affairs of the Alliance of American Insurers. Removing the exemption, he says, will do nothing to cut hospital bills or stop people from suing.

Even so, a spread of the California revolt might compel Congress to get into the regulatory act. "If California takes off," says a congressional aide, "auto insurance could become a significant national issue." In that case, insurers could find that Washington politicians have suddenly become itchy to take the wheel.

—By John Greenwald.

Reported by Robert Ajemian/Boston and Scott Brown/Los Angeles

Cost of Coverage

Average 1986 premiums for private passenger cars

TEN HIGHEST

New Jersey	\$604
Alaska	\$602
California	\$588
Massachusetts	\$556
Arizona	\$554
Nevada	\$550
New York	\$522
Louisiana	\$515
Pennsylvania	\$512
Maryland	\$506

TEN LOWEST

Maine	\$333
N. Hampshire	\$330
Ohio	\$327
Nebraska	\$324
North Dakota	\$307
Mississippi	\$297
Tennessee	\$292
Alabama	\$278
South Dakota	\$256
Iowa	\$244

Source: A.M. Best Co. TIME Chart



FARGO, N. DAK.

For her 1986 Audi 5000, Betty Feder spends just \$650 a year to receive full coverage. Her husband Paul's premiums cost a bit more: \$844 for his 1986 Mercedes 300SD



PRINCETON, N.J.

Caroline Weymar needs \$2,034 a year to cover the premiums on her 1987 Jeep Wagoneer and a similar 1981 model driven by her son Matthew, a university student

Will His Deal Go Up in Smoke?

Ross Johnson's grab for RJR Nabisco infuriates his board

BY FREDERICK UNGEHEUER

When Ross Johnson, president of RJR Nabisco, proposed last month that the tobacco-and-food conglomerate he had helped assemble only three years earlier be "put into play" and broken up, he had reason to believe that the company's board of directors would support him. After all, he had treated the outside directors on RJR's board well, paying them lavish fees and providing access to the company's corporate jets. Moreover, his offer was the largest leveraged-buyout bid in history and would give RJR's stockholders a rich, immediate payout.

Johnson, 56, may have grossly miscalculated. When he announced during an Oct. 19 dinner at Atlanta's Waverly hotel that he and seven other managers intended to take the company private in a \$17.6 billion leveraged buyout, RJR's board members reacted with shock, one of them now says, "because he was raiding the company from the inside." At first blush, the \$75-a-share offer seemed generous, compared with the market price of about \$56 at the time. But the directors' shock became outrage when they later learned about the huge piece of the action that Johnson and his top executives planned to grab for themselves: a payoff that could conceivably amount to \$2.6 billion in five years. The Johnson gang's greedy overreach could wind up entirely undoing the proposed LBO.

A committee of the company's directors responded to Johnson's proposal on Nov. 7 by opening the bidding for RJR to all comers, setting last Friday as the deadline. Two days before the auction closed, one potential bidder, the Manhattan investment firm Forstmann Little, scrapped its planned offer. Forstmann's departure left two contenders: the RJR management group, which had upped its offer to \$21 billion (\$92 a share), and the investment firm Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, with its bid of \$20.6 billion (\$90). RJR's board could take as long as several weeks to study all new offers, including revised versions and possibly even a joint bid by KKR and Johnson's group, before recommending one to the company's stockholders. In the end, it may not accept any of them.

Instead, the board could decide that the best course of action would be to sell off the company's

subsidiaries without going through an LBO. The board might sell Nabisco's food divisions and distribute the proceeds to stockholders. Although this would take longer, RJR Nabisco could be worth more than \$100 a share. Few corporations have a more marketable package of assets, which include such consumer brands as Del Monte

canned goods, Blue Bonnet margarine, Planters nuts and dozens more.

The strategy of the RJR board seems designed to thwart Johnson's effort, in part because it would give him and his team

too large a share of the goodies. While precise details of the Johnson group's stake have not been announced, several insiders have leaked the terms. Under Johnson's proposal, 90% of the company's equity, roughly \$18 billion, would be swapped for debt. He and his group would control about 8.5% of the remaining equity, which would be sold to them for just \$20 million but would immediately be worth about \$200 million. The management group has also given it-

self incentive payments, which, if certain profit targets were met, would increase its stake to just under 20% over five years. If everything went as planned, the value could be as much as \$2.6 billion by then.

Johnson's personal share: \$1 billion or more.

The booty would not have ended there. The management company envisioned by Johnson and the seven other executives was to receive \$38 million a year in salaries and bonuses, along with veto power over the company's board of directors.

Charles Hugel, who serves as board chairman of RJR but holds no management post, did not fully realize just how sweet a deal Johnson had arranged for himself and his team until he read a detailed account of it in the *New York Times*. Shareholders also began to grow resentful. Smith Bagley, a grandson of R.J. Reynolds, the company's founder, complained in a letter to Hugel, "The stockholders have been paying these top executives, and paying them handsomely, to run the company for the stockholders' benefit and not to acquire it at the stockholders' expense."

Johnson hastily tried to reassure Hugel and other members of the committee that not just a few top managers, but hundreds and most likely thousands of lower-ranking RJR Nabisco employees were to be cut in on the management's stake. But his explanation came too late. "Johnson has lost all his friends on the board," a director told TIME. To them, Johnson's proposal seemed to benefit him first and the company second.

The board has other reasons to consider rejecting a management-initiated LBO. Two of the company's bondholders, ITT and Metropolitan Life Insurance, filed lawsuits against RJR last week, alleging that Johnson's failure to inform earlier bond buyers about his LBO plan cost them millions of dollars in losses. Reason: in light of the huge amount of additional bonds that would have to be floated to finance the buyout, the company's investment-grade debt is viewed as riskier and has slumped 20% in market value.

In the final analysis, the RJR directors must think of the shareholders, who will be forced to pass up their stake in future profits if a lump-sum buyout occurs now. Since the tobacco industry's earnings potential is growing as foreign sales boom and the threat of smokers' lawsuits diminishes, the RJR board has insisted that shareholders be given a continued piece of the action. If the directors adopt that strategy, they just might decide that the company needs a different president as well.

\$200 MILLION
Their stake would instantly be worth this much as soon as the deal is done

\$20 MILLION
This is what Johnson and his group would pay for an 8.5% share in the company

\$2.6 BILLION
The group's piece of the action could grow to this level in just five years



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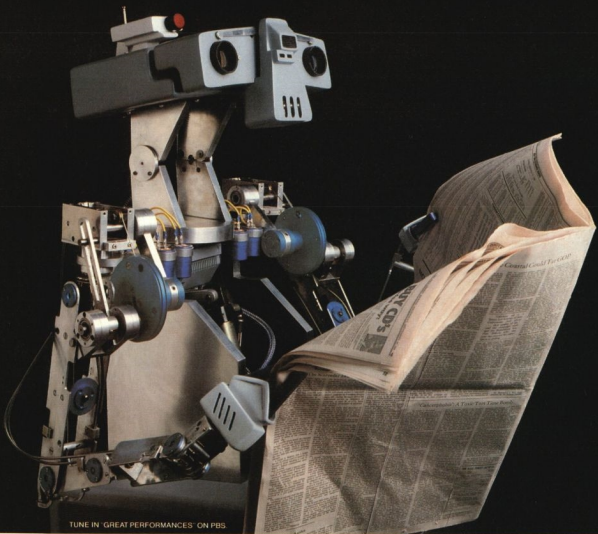
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Business Notes

MARKETING

How Oprah Lost It

For four months, Oprah Winfrey's faithful viewers watched as she shed some 70 lbs. as easily as a butterfly casts off its chrysalis. Her secret? Last week the talk-show empress revealed it was Optifast, a liquid-diet program from Minneapolis-based Sandoz Nutrition. In the hours after Winfrey's program, Sandoz fielded more than 200,000 phone inquiries about its crash-diet regimen.

The six-month Sandoz program, offered through 460 U.S. hospitals, is designed for patients who are at least 30%, or 50 lbs., over their ideal weight. Typical cost of the six-month program: \$2,600. ■



Fat-free Winfrey tells her secret

DRUG TESTING

Unsafe at Any Speed

It will be an enormous undertaking: the random drug testing of almost every airline pilot, railroad engineer and truck driver in the U.S., a total of 4 million non-Government transportation workers. Rejecting widespread concerns about the constitutionality of such a move, the Transportation Department last week announced plans to require companies and municipalities involved in the transit business to begin testing their employees in December 1989. The workers will be screened for marijuana, cocaine, opiates, amphetamines and phencyclidine (PCP). Said Transporta-

tion Secretary James Burnley: "The American people demand and expect a drug-free transportation system."

Unions representing airline pilots and independent truckers, citing the unreliability of drug tests, said immediately that they would challenge the legality of the Government's order. Another issue is the cost of administering the tests: \$2 billion over ten years, which must be borne by private industry and local mass-transit authorities. They will face fines of up to \$20,000 for each instance of failing to comply. The cost is modest, argues Burnley, compared with the estimated \$8.7 billion that would be lost in the same period because of accidents, absenteeism and medical-insurance bills created by illegal drug use.

INVESTIGATIONS

We Never Did Trust the Guy

The investment firm Drexel Burnham Lambert has been pictured in an SEC indictment as Ivan Boesky's partner in securities fraud. But the company may have been one of the convicted arbitrageur's victims as well. The London Stock Exchange is looking into accusa-

tions that Boesky used his network of partnerships to hide from Drexel the size, and thus the potential risk, of stock purchases he made with money he borrowed from the firm. Far from feeling duped, Drexel officials welcomed the probe. Since Boesky is the prime witness against the firm, his alleged backstabbing may erode his credibility. Drexel officials insist they never knew about Boesky's illicit schemes.



Tandy's computers: good enough to wear a Japanese label

MEMENTOS

After the Bronze Age

When boomers were babies in the 1940s and '50s, their parents would bronze their little white shoes. Now that boom-

ers are beaming with babes of their own, they can preserve those memories in a more space-age substance: clear plastic resin. California artist Marguerite Elliot, 39, came up with the idea two years after the birth of her sister's twins. She decided it was a shame to bronze over the trendy, brightly hued designs of modern baby shoes, so she dipped a pair of castoffs in resin. Liking the result, Elliot launched a glazing service called Clear Memories in a Nordstrom's department store. Business has been brisk ever since. For \$37 to \$45, Elliot will glaze a pair of shoes and mount them on a base of lucite, marble or wood.

A small step for posterity

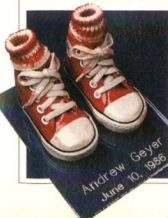
COMPUTERS

Local Product Makes Good

No Japanese electronics manufacturer in recent memory has put its cherished brand name on a U.S. company's product. But Fort Worth's Tandy Corp., which makes Radio Shack products, said last week it has struck a breakthrough deal to supply personal computers to Japan's Matsushita Electric. The giant company will sell the computers, priced from \$999 to \$5,299, in the U.S. under its Panasonic label. Tandy chairman John Roach touted the event last week as a symbol of resurgent

U.S. competitiveness. Said he: "It's a sign of the times that an American manufacturer is in this position."

For Tandy, the deal is recognition that its IBM-compatible machines, which command an estimated 23% of the American market for PCs, are considered among the industry's most reliable and user-friendly. And the arrangement will provide a regained U.S. foothold for Matsushita, which had pulled its made-in-Japan computers from the American market in April 1987 because Washington had imposed tariffs on some kinds of imported PCs. Matsushita hopes eventually to market Tandy's computers overseas as well. ■



Think of Value in More Exciting Terms...

A New 1989 Pontiac



THE GRAND PRIX GUARANTEE

Just buy a new 1989 Grand Prix and, if for any reason you don't like it, return it to your selling dealer within thirty days or 3,000 miles (whichever comes first) for full credit toward another new Pontiac. Other restrictions apply. Offer good through December 31, 1988. See your participating Pontiac dealer for details.



Grand Prix: Save up to **\$1,075**

Cash Back: **\$500^A**

Option Package III—Save: **\$450^B**

Including cruise control, power door locks, tilt steering wheel, power windows and more.

Value Option Package—Save: **\$125^B**

Including 15" styled Steel Sport wheels, P195/70R15 BSW tires, 40/60 split seat, gauge package, and Delco ETR[®] AM/FM stereo with cassette.

Your Price With These Savings: **\$14,255^D**

(Grand Prix prices start as low as \$13,899) F

Grand Am LE Coupe: Save up to **\$2,100**

Cash Back: **\$500^A**

Option Package IV—Save: **\$900^B**

Including air conditioning, tilt steering wheel, power driver's seat, cruise control and more.

Value Option Package—Save: **\$100^B**

Including 14" High-Tech Turbo aluminum wheels, P195/70R14 tires and a Delco ETR[®] AM/FM stereo with cassette.

First-Time Buyer: **\$600^C**

Your Price With These Savings: **\$10,822^E**

(Grand Am prices start as low as \$10,469) F

Pontiac 6000 LE: Save up to **\$1,500**

Cash Back: **\$500^A**

Option Package III—Save: **\$875^B**

Including air conditioning, tilt steering wheel, power door locks and windows, power driver's seat, cruise control and more.

Value Option Package—Save: **\$125^B**

Including 14" aluminum Sport wheels, 45/55 split seat and a Delco ETR[®] AM/FM stereo with cassette.

Your Price With These Savings: **\$12,955^D**

(Pontiac 6000 prices start as low as \$11,969) F

A You must take actual delivery from dealer stock between Oct. 11, 1988, and Jan. 3, 1989. See your dealer for details. Not applicable on Grand Prix SE.

B Based upon comparisons with various GM vehicle division prices for options purchased separately during the 1988 or current model year. Not all options are separately available in 1989 model year. See your Pontiac dealer for qualification details.

D MSRP for model described including

dealer prep. Tax, license, destination charge and other optional equipment additional.

E Price based on MSRP for model described less \$600 cash back with GMAC's first-time new-car buyers program. Price includes dealer prep. Tax, license, destination charge and other optional equipment additional.

F MSRP including dealer prep. Tax, license, destination charge and optional equipment additional.

Pontiac **We Build Excitement**



A Controversial Prize for Texas

The superconducting supercollider has a home at last

Charges of political favoritism began to fly almost as soon as Energy Secretary John Herrington announced that Texas had won the competition for the \$4.4 billion superconducting supercollider (SSC), designed to be the world's largest and most powerful atom smasher. Led by Arizona's Dennis DeConcini, Senators from several also-ran states protested to President Reagan that "there is a widespread perception that this decision was based . . . on political and other factors."

Phil Gramm and Lloyd Bentsen, and House Speaker Jim Wright had twisted a few arms to get their state the nod.

Plausible, perhaps, but Herrington argued otherwise. "I have run this on a non-political basis," he maintains. "We were picking the best from the best, and it is clear that the Texas site is superior." In particular, the site 28 miles south of Dallas and completely surrounding the town of Waxahachie (pop. 18,300) was rated "outstanding" on four criteria and "good" on two others, clearly outperforming

tees that such bursts will spontaneously transform themselves into particles of matter. The SSC would make these extremely concentrated energy bursts by using its magnets to guide protons, moving at nearly 186,000 miles per second, around the enormous ring in opposite directions. Then they would be forced to collide. The major difference between the SSC and the largest accelerator that currently exists—the Tevatron, at Fermilab near Chicago—is size and, therefore, power. The SSC would produce some 20 times as much energy as the Tevatron can and would generate correspondingly more interesting particles. Among the discoveries are certain to be some surprises. Says Harvard physicist Roy Schwitters, who is a leading candidate to

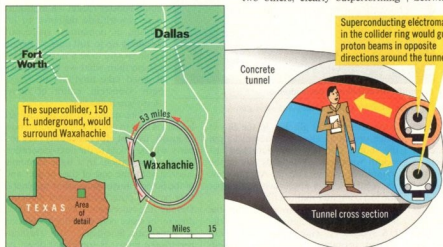
be the SSC's director, "I don't know what we're going to find, because we are the first ones to go there."

What many scientists do dispute, however, is whether the potential intellectual rewards are worth the cost—especially given widespread fears that the SSC would rob funding from other research. "It's good science," says Princeton's Philip Anderson, a Nobel laureate for his work in solid-state physics, "but we can learn equally fundamental things in other areas of physics and with a lot less money." And while proponents say the SSC would spark a resurgence of national interest in research that would benefit all

sciences, M.I.T. physicist Daniel Kleppner fears that smaller projects simply are not glamorous enough to attract congressional attention. "They lack the dramatic quality to make a big splash," he says, "yet the ability to measure a molecular reaction, for example, is absolutely essential for dealing with problems like the greenhouse effect."

The project's path through Congress will not be smooth in any case. A Department of Energy spokesman notes that the supercollider has been given only \$100 million out of a requested \$348 million in funding for fiscal year 1989. It is projected that afterward the SSC would require \$600 million a year until 1995, an uncertain amount in 1996 to finish the job and a projected \$270 million a year in operating funds thereafter. At a time when deficit and budget reduction will become ever more important, that kind of spending will take every bit of clout Bush, Bentsen, Gramm, Wright and their fellow Texans can muster.

—By Michael D. Lemonick.
Reported by Glenn Garelik/Washington and J. Madeleine Nash/San Francisco



They called for an investigation by both the General Accounting Office and a commission of "nationally respected physicists." Other legislators issued similar complaints.

Their upset was understandable. As the world's premier facility for investigating the fundamental building blocks of matter and energy, the SSC—or the Ronald Reagan Center for High Energy Physics, as its Texas boosters want to call it—would attract the best experimental physicists in the world, with their attendant prestige. More important, it would give its home state a major economic boost. The machine's tunnel, a ring through which subatomic particles would race at nearly the speed of light, is to be 150 ft. underground and 53 miles in circumference; building it and the lab's 20 buildings could provide jobs for an estimated 4,000 construction workers. The completed facility is expected to employ 2,200 scientists and engineers, as well as 1,300 support staffers. It was certainly plausible to suspect that such powerful Texas politicians as President-elect George Bush, Senators

the competition. The best alternative was Tennessee, with three "outstandings," two "goods" and one "satisfactory." Arizona, Colorado, Michigan, Illinois and North Carolina rounded out the pack. Moreover, Texas volunteered to throw \$1 billion of its own money into the project and to donate the necessary 16,000 acres of land.

This is not to say that politics and the SSC do not go hand in hand. But the real battle, which has barely begun, will concern not the machine's location but whether it should be built at all. The Reagan Administration says it should, but that means little unless Congress is willing to pay the bills on an ongoing basis.

No one disputes the SSC's scientific importance. Physicists' knowledge of the subatomic particles that make up atoms, the bits that constitute the particles and the forces that bind them all together depends on accelerators—and the bigger the better. The reason: the best way to produce particles for study is to create intense bursts of energy. Einstein's discovery that matter and energy are equivalent guaran-

Sunny Debut for Snowstorm

The Soviets' own version of the shuttle blasts off

It was not a perfect launch day at the Baikonur Cosmodrome in Soviet Central Asia. Winds were gusting; a cyclone was reportedly moving in from the Aral Sea. The temperature was near freezing. Flight officials held an urgent meeting, then made their decision: it was a go. Minutes later the Soviet Union's first space shuttle rose, unmanned, out of a giant fireball that spread over the steppe. Looking much like its U.S. counterpart, the white-tiled, double-delta-winged vehicle, called *Buran* (Snowstorm), made two orbits around the earth, then executed a perfect automated landing a few miles from where it had blasted off. Total flight time: 3 hours 25 minutes.

"The space plane has ushered in a new era in the history of Soviet space exploration," trumpeted Radio Moscow. Western observers were no less admiring. "This shows that the Russians' boldness and ambition is matched by their ingenuity," says James Oberg, a Houston engineer and an expert on the Soviet space program. "It blows us out of our last space-operations monopoly." The Soviet program achieved a second milestone just a few days earlier: on board the orbiting *Mir* space station, which has no U.S. equivalent, cosmonauts Vladimir Titov and Musa Manarov broke the world record of 326 days in space.

Buran's triumphant maiden voyage



Buran lifts off at Baikonur Cosmodrome

"A much smarter system than what we've got."

came after several glitches in the Soviet space program. The first attempt to put the shuttle into orbit was scrubbed last month with only 51 seconds left in the countdown. Worse, a Soviet-Afghan crew was nearly lost in space last September due to a computer malfunction.

Despite some obvious similarities, the Soviet orbiter is a different bird from the U.S. species. Its wing angle and nose are sharper, perhaps giving it greater maneuverability. More important, as demonstrated last week, it is set up for fully automated flight. Onboard computers can

guide it through re-entry to the earth's atmosphere and landing. The ship is also capable of manned flight, carrying up to ten people, but the Soviets plan at least one more unmanned shot before putting a crew on board. "Just as we were scared to death by Chernobyl," explains a Western diplomat in Moscow, "they were scared to death when *Challenger* blew up."

Another significant difference in the shuttle systems concerns the boosters. The U.S. orbiter is lifted by two recoverable solid rocket boosters and its own three main engines, a system designed exclusively for shuttle missions. *Buran* piggybacks on the 197-ft.-high *Energia*, the world's largest operational booster rocket—a multipurpose powerhouse designed to lift shuttles or unmanned spacecraft weighing up to 100 tons. "Energia could be said to be a much smarter system than what we've got, since it could take anything up," says Seth Arenstein, editor of *Soviet Aerospace* magazine.

The question facing Soviet leaders is how to use this new toy and how to justify its cost. Its real utility, say experts, will be linked to the next-generation Soviet space station. In a tight economic environment, the cost of that project and of the Soviets' huge space effort in general may be prompting some second thoughts. Despite the successes, says John Pike, director of space policy for the Federation of American Scientists, "the *glasnost*-perestroika crowd is somewhat down on aerospace."

—By John Langone.

Reported by Ann Blackman/Moscow and Glenn Garelik/Washington

Milestones

SETTLEMENT REACHED. Between 40 contractors and the families of the 28 construction workers killed and 16 injured in the April 1987 collapse at a building site in Bridgeport, Conn.: through mediation. The agreement, which provides \$41 million in damages, includes a provision to give the survivors a share in any profits from an apartment complex to be built on the site of the accident.

SENTENCED. Mario Biaggi, 71, former Bronx Congressman, to eight years in federal prison for racketeering in the Wedtech scandal; in New York City. Biaggi was convicted Aug. 4 of extorting \$1.85 million in stock and cash in exchange for political help to the now defunct South Bronx defense company. So far, more than a dozen people have been convicted of crimes in connection with Wedtech.

RETIRING. Mike Mansfield, 85, Democratic Senator from Montana (1953-76) and majority leader from 1961 to '76; as U.S. Ambassador to Japan; by the end of the year. Appointed by President Jimmy Carter in 1977, Mansfield has held the post longer than any other U.S. envoy to Japan. Respected by the Japanese for his plain speaking and patient style, he guided what he called "the most important bilateral relationship in the world" through disputes on trade and defense.

DIED. Christina Onassis, 37, heir to the fortune left by multimillionaire shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis; of a heart attack; at a country club in Tortuguitas, Argentina. Married and divorced four times (one child), Onassis battled weight problems most of her adult life.

DIED. Antal Doráti, 82, conductor and composer who served as music director of the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington from 1970 to '78; in Gerzensee, Switzerland. Doráti led orchestras in Stockholm, London, Detroit and Dallas, and championed the work of 20th century composers, most notably the music of Bela Bartók.

DIED. Shellah Graham, 84, author and gossip columnist whose catty prose appeared in the trade paper *Daily Variety* in the 1950s in West Palm Beach, Fla. She was F. Scott Fitzgerald's lover for the last years of his life, and her account of the affair, *Beloved Infidel*, was made into a 1959 movie starring Deborah Kerr and Gregory Peck. Her prescient lament: "I won't be remembered for my writing; I'll be remembered as Scott's mistress."

Meanwhile Back At The Ranch.

We're doing leaner breeding and skinnier feeding. And nobody's doddering in the kitchen. Because all it takes to cook a sirloin is a few minutes and a little fire. And you can do a roast so fast it'd make your grandma spin. See, just because we've been so busy back at the ranch doesn't mean you have to be so busy back in the kitchen.



MEANWHILE BACK AT THE STOVE

You can cook a steak even if you haven't got a weekend or a grill. Just sear both sides in a hot iron skillet. You get the speed. You get the ease. And most important, you get the steak.



STRAY COOKING TIPS

1. If you're concerned about fat, check the "Skinniest Six" below.
2. Great marinades come disguised as vinaigrette, yogurt or red wine.
3. Leftover steak is the ultimate cold cut.

FAST FORWARD ROAST BEEF

You don't have to drive 200 miles to grandma's house just to have roast beef. Ask any microwave cookbook. About 20 minutes a pound is all it takes. Regular ovens can do it in about 30 minutes a pound. And leaner roasts cook faster.

Which leaves you with plenty of time to call grandma after dinner.



THE GREATNESS OF SMALLNESS

The sirloin that touched both ends of the plate has been fajita'd and it's been tossed. It's been stir-fried and it's been skewered. Because small amounts of beef are hugely interesting.

Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed. * © 1988 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board



Beef

Real Food For Real People.

Source: U.S.D.A. Handbook No. 8-13

ROUND TIP

6.4 gms total fat* 7.6 gms total fat*
(2.3 gms sat. fat) (3.0 gms sat. fat)
162 calories 172 calories

TOP LOIN

TOP ROUND

5.3 gms total fat* 5.3 gms total fat*
(1.8 gms sat. fat) (1.8 gms sat. fat)
162 calories 162 calories

EYE OF ROUND

5.5 gms total fat* 5.5 gms total fat*
(2.1 gms sat. fat) (2.1 gms sat. fat)
153 calories 153 calories

TENDERLOIN

7.9 gms total fat* 7.9 gms total fat*
(3.1 gms sat. fat) (3.1 gms sat. fat)
174 calories 174 calories

SIRLOIN

7.4 gms total fat* 7.4 gms total fat*
(3.0 gms sat. fat) (3.0 gms sat. fat)
177 calories 177 calories

LARGER THAN LIFE

Britain's billionaire publishing baron **ROBERT MAXWELL** is known for his acquisitiveness as well as his considerable size, and now he has added the U.S. to his hit list

BY MARTHA SMILGIC

The telephone console resting on a gargantuan round table boasts 90 buttons, and the man seated behind it seems bent on using all of them at once. His plump fingers, the nails freshly manicured with clear polish, poke impatiently at the instrument. Visitors flow into the office in a steady stream, yet all the while the man continues a separate dialogue with the console. "He wouldn't be a bureaucrat unless he was in a meeting," he booms into the speaker in a British-accented baritone that is powerful yet velvety. "I want the man, not the message." Poke. A button away, he barks in German, "Cease offers. It is 400 million locked up for the duration." Poke. In French, he issues a command for his son Jan, 31, in Paris: "Call him at the restaurant. Tell him to get on the Concorde." Poke. Now, in English, he asks another son Kevin, 29, a workaholic like his father and heir apparent to the empire, "How is the market?"

Despite the world map branded with a giant *M*, the London headquarters of Robert Maxwell's communications empire is conservative by U.S. corporate standards. Yet there is nothing modest about the man at the round table, his command central. "Captain Bob"—a nickname coined by the press—is a boulder of a man: easily 250 lbs., and 6 ft. 2 in. tall. His ruddy face is a cross between Leonid Brezhnev's and Robert Mitchum's. His abundant hair, dyed black, is slicked back '30s style to counterpoint bushy black eyebrows that can appear deceptively clownish.

At 65, Robert Maxwell is a whirling dervish whose hyperkinetic activity seems designed to distract and confuse. In seconds, he can switch from a jaunty Brit to a ruthless schoolyard bully and back again. He is said to be worth \$1.4 billion. Yet despite the colossal Mont Blanc gold pen he wields like a fat cigar, the enormously expensive Lord & Stewart suit, the butter-soft cashmere overcoat, the private jet, the helicopter, the yacht with a crew of 14, the personal chef, the Rolls-Royces, the thing Maxwell really values most is time. Whether dealing with family, managers or minions, Maxwell is constantly ordering, pushing, scolding and hectoring, much like a nagging parent.

Five managers from his newspaper, the *Daily Mirror*, a

working-class tabloid housed in the adjoining Mirror Group building, surround him at the table. Though they are accustomed to the constant interruptions, the lightning shifts in ideas, deals, languages, Maxwell knows they are growing impatient and holds them in check with his translucent amber eyes, which he uses like headlights to paralyze his prey. Punching a button on the console, Maxwell purrs, "You are up, good. It is 5 a.m. Find out how much they want for the *National Enquirer*." The citizens of Maxwell's empire know no time zones. Finally he is off the phone just long enough to address a problem with the *Mirror*'s presses. "Fight, negotiate," Maxwell tells one manager. "I observe the master," the manager quips in response, noting that Captain Bob's spirits are high this morning.

Soaring mightily, in fact. Already he has built an empire that includes scientific journals, printing plants, newspapers, data bases, magazines, books, satellite communications and even two soccer teams. His company spans 28 countries and has nearly 40,000 employees, 15,000 of them in the U.S. For the past two years, Maxwell has been on a U.S. buying binge that culminated this month in the purchase of Macmillan Inc. for \$2.7 billion.

The acquisition followed a long, hard battle and came in the wake of last year's attempt to take over another U.S. publisher, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. William Jovanovich restructured the company to thwart Maxwell's anticipated \$2 billion bid. "Jovanovich killed the company. He's a dumb Croat coal miner. Had I met him, I would have told him so," Maxwell snarls with characteristic restraint. Some American publishers insist that he overpaid by as much as \$1 billion for Macmillan. Not so, says Maxwell. "Information is growing at 20% a year," he explains in patient, professorial tones. "Communications is where oil was ten years ago. There will be seven to ten great global communications corporations. My ambition is to be one of them. You can't have a world communications enterprise without the U.S., which has 80% of the software and half the scientific information." So exactly how will Macmillan be integrated into his operations? "Synergy," he stonewalls, with a cat-that-swallowed-the-canary smile. "It fits like a glove."

Peter Jay, former British Ambassador to the U.S. and now Maxwell's chief of staff, enters with a load of letters. Maxwell pays the tall, handsome aristocrat something like a quarter of a million dollars a year to add a touch of class to his kingdom. Jay arranges meetings, meals and galas with foreign dignitaries and fields charity requests. "I am not the Salvation Army," bellows Maxwell, as he signs checks for needy causes. But Jay's real challenge is simply to keep the emperor's attention. After the first few letters, Maxwell's mind ticks elsewhere. He can drift to the core of any issue, but his attention span is that of a gnat.

With a wave, he dismisses Jay and greets two Israelis who have come to enlist his aid in a bond drive. Seated at the table, they wait. And wait. First Maxwell wraps a deal for a Moroccan satellite channel. Next his personal secretary, Andrea Martin, 25, a pale blond, appears with a message. Maxwell reads it and thunders, "He is as keen on this idea as if he was bitten by a rattler on the anus." Accustomed to such eruptions, Martin slips away as another button lights. "Latrine rumors!" he shouts into the speaker. "We are going to sue." Suddenly, he tells the Israelis he will aid the bond drive. "I always say yes. If I were a woman, I would always be pregnant," he says with a grin.



Photograph for TIME by Terry O'Neill

Trapped inside this billionaire publishing baron are a multitude of people: a peasant haggler, stage director, domineering patriarch, sophisticated currency trader, military commander, politician, Hollywood mogul and unabashed publicity man. Following his train of thought is like listening to ten tape recorders, constantly switching on and off, constantly interrupting one another.

Born Ludvik Hoch, Maxwell was the third of nine children of dirt-poor Hasidic Jews living in the eastern slice of Czechoslovakia known as Ruthenia. During World War II, he lost his parents and four siblings in Auschwitz; he escaped by joining the French underground. He had only three years of schooling but was a genius with languages—he could speak eight by the time he was grown—and figures. He joined the British forces and in two years transformed himself from a Czech ruffian into a British army officer who was awarded the Military Cross for bravery in charging a German machine-gun position in a Dutch village in January 1945.

Maxwell was put in charge of allocating paper and printing supplies in the British zone of Berlin. He soon went to London to found Pergamon Press, a publisher of scientific journals. His business and reputation grew rapidly; by 1964 he was elected to the House of Commons as a Labor M.P. But in 1971 the Department of Trade and Industry concluded that he was guilty of misrepresenting his company's financial position. He came close to losing Pergamon. Questions were raised about mysterious family trusts held in Liechtenstein.

Characteristically, Maxwell still shrugs off the questions and says with exaggerated humility, "My dream in life was to own a cow." Now he owns a whole herd of cash-cows to sustain an increasing debt necessary to finance his global expansion. With his military training, he does best with a clear enemy, and currently that is Rupert Murdoch. In their Hertz-Avis relationship, Murdoch is several long steps ahead. His News Group Newspapers, Ltd., is worth \$13 billion, with a \$6 billion debt, whereas Maxwell Communication Corp. runs at around \$5 billion, with roughly \$2 billion in debt. Murdoch's tabloid, the *Sun*, sells 4.2 million copies a day to 3.2 million for Maxwell's *Daily Mirror*. "What Murdoch has achieved is stupendous," concedes Maxwell, but he jabs at his foe for becoming a U.S. citizen so he could acquire American TV stations. "I chose Britain for better or for ill," says Maxwell. "I love the British. They kept Hitler at bay."

Whether the Brits love Maxwell back is debatable, but certainly a favorite English sport is watching the "bouncing Czech." The business community is both appalled by Maxwell's publicity-mad megalomania and envious of his fiscal ingenuity. Just about everybody is curious about him. Moments after being introduced to Maxwell, Prince Charles turned to one of the publisher's staffers and asked, "But what is he like to work for?"

Above all, working for Maxwell is an exercise in survival. His eight-member personal staff, plus two pilots and two chauffeurs, operates like a team of air-traffic controllers. All carry beepers and many have walkie-talkies and cellular phones to track the "Black Hurricane," as some

call him. "He plays the fox and rabbit with people," says an employee. "If he smells a rabbit, he goes for it." Not that Maxwell spares himself. The tenets of Maxwellian management call for living over the shop, working 24 hours a day, hiring and firing often, trusting only family members and centralizing all power.

Hidden staircases connect his London offices to an opulent penthouse overhead. The official entry is a peach marble vestibule decorated with backlighted Grecian columns that open into a large rotunda of tawny-veined marble that casts a rose glow. But the stage setting vanishes into reasonably sized living quarters, exquisitely decorated by Elizabeth Maxwell, his wife of 44 years and the mother of his seven children. She also presides over their country home, Headington Hall, a Gatsbyesque mansion in Oxford that serves as headquarters for Pergamon Press.

Maxwell commutes between London and the Continent aboard a French twin-engine Ecureuil helicopter adorned with a roaring lion half-circled by MGN (Mirror Group Newspapers), a logo playfully designed to be confused with MGM's. From Heathrow Airport, his Gulfstream zips him to Paris, New York, Moscow.

Maxwell averages three interviews a week, dispensing a litany of packaged aphorisms like a vending machine: "My wife is the better half." "For exercise, I wind my watch." "Maxwell's Law: Murphy was an optimist." "Happiness can only be had through hard work." Tough fiscal questions produce slippery answers. If the press gets nasty, Maxwell fights back legally.

The *Mirror* has given Maxwell the voice he lost in the House of Commons when he was defeated in the 1970 election. No matter where he is, the tabloid's editorials are faxed to him for approval. "Without Mrs. Thatcher, I couldn't have done what I've done," he admits. "But I don't agree with her vision. I'm a capital-

ist with a socialist conscience." But not too confining a conscience. Since buying the *Mirror*, he has cut its staff by nearly half and brought the unions to heel. But he has energized the paper's layouts by adding color and increased its profits enormously.

Maxwell does not collect art or attend concerts and rarely reads a book or sees a movie. Despite his willpower in most areas, he is a compulsive eater. He sleeps only four hours a night. More than 30 years ago, he had one lung removed because of a mistaken diagnosis. "But we in Britain, unlike you in the U.S., don't sue," crows London's most litigious citizen. Though his wealth could mean a life of ease, he values working. "Most rich people just shop," he says with disdain. He has no personal friends; "I don't have the kind of time one needs to give to friendship."

Just as he drives his staff, he drives his children. He says he will not leave them his fortune because "money that you haven't earned is not good for you. Ian and Kevin will only take over the company if they are capable." Late one Friday night, flying home from Paris, a keyed-up Maxwell glanced over at his son Ian, stretched out on the lounge, exhausted. "This generation, they flake out," he said with a sigh. "Hey, Pops," protested Ian, "I've put in a 14-hour day." Maxwell frowned and said, "That's what I mean." ■

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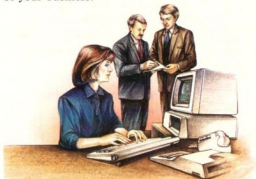
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Travel

Come Fly the Costly Skies

The airlines jack up prices just in time for the holidays

Until this week, for every 100 people jostling on board the Continental Boeing 747 en route from New York to Los Angeles, chances were that 90 of them had bought their tickets on the cheap. The other ten had shelled out as much as \$866. The business travelers had probably paid \$550, the pleasure trippers \$362, the bar-

some of its fares. Many airlines have consolidated their market share in recent years by buying smaller companies and aggressively cutting prices. Now, with air traffic up a surprising 8% last month over a year ago, the carriers are testing to see whether rising demand can withstand higher prices.

"I don't see any way of combatting this, other than not traveling," says Stuart J. Faber, director of the National Association of Business Travel Agents. Those who have no choice could find their travel costs rising roughly 15% to 20%. "Now I'll really get hurt if someone calls on Tuesday and says, 'We have to have you in New York on Friday,'" says Gregory Boyd, a California venture capitalist. His solution: buy partially refundable tickets in advance and swallow the penalty if he cancels. "Instead of flying to New York for \$1,200, I'll book a week in advance—\$600 round trip—and take the 25% penalty. Then, even if I don't go, I'm better off."

Saddled with a reputation for erratic performance, Continental pioneered the junk fares last February to woo business flyers. "Our first order was to restore the quality of the operation and then offer a fare structure to entice the frequent flyer back," explains Continental president Martin Shugrue. Other airlines soon followed, but reluctantly. "We never thought these fares made much economic sense," says Al Becker, spokesman for American Airlines. "We matched Continental for competitive reasons."

The decision last week to abandon the discounts reflects a new cockiness at Continental: complaints to the Department of Transportation are down 80% since last year. Says Shugrue: "Continental has improved its service to the point where we can be truly competitive and price our fares on a competitive basis."

The airlines should do nicely under the new price structure: analysts estimate that industry revenues (\$45 billion in 1987) could rise by as much as \$1 billion dollars next year. But others warned that if traffic drops off and some airlines reinstate the discounts, the whole new price structure could come apart. Once the peak holiday season is past, analysts predict, the airlines may reintroduce discounts under new names to attract passengers during the slow winter months. "These guys are in the business of putting fannies in seats," says John Pincavage, an analyst at Paine Webber, "and the way to do that is to offer discounts."

—By Nancy R. Gibbs, Reported by Michael Cannell/New York and Deborah Fowler/Houston



HIGHER FARES FOR BUSINESSMEN

One-way flight	Junk fares*	Current coach
New York to Houston (American)	\$305	\$415
Chicago to Los Angeles (United)	239	525
Atlanta to San Francisco (Delta)	399	552
New York to Denver (Continental)	325	440
Washington to Dallas (American)	323	430
Boston to Miami (Eastern)	240	428
New York to Phoenix (Continental)	355	471
New York to Los Angeles (United)	362	588

*7-30 day advance purchase

TIME Chart by Cynthia Davis



gain hunters as little as \$159. The only people who did any better were the frequent flyers who cashed in their mileage and paid nothing at all.

But from now on, a lot of passengers are going to be paying more. Last week, following Continental's lead, major airlines threw out their so-called junk fares, which offered discounts on tickets purchased three to seven days in advance. Since most last-minute flyers are business travelers, few vacationers would be affected. But at the same time, Continental was tinkering with its MaxSaver fares, the popular, deep-discount tickets that must be bought two weeks in advance and require a Saturday-night stay. Starting this week, most MaxSaver fares will increase between \$10 and \$20 each way.

One by one the other airlines followed suit, although at week's end Midway and Southwest Airlines were still resisting the increases and Eastern had raised only

Behavior

Are Your Hormones Up?

A study links estrogen levels with performance

Scientists have long known that changes in a woman's hormone levels during her menstrual cycle can affect her mood. Now a controversial new study, presented last week at a Toronto meeting of the Society for Neuroscience, suggests that a woman's skill at performing some everyday tasks could be influenced by the time of the month.

During the menstrual cycle, the blood level of estrogen, a female sex hormone, rises sharply before ovulation, about midway in the cycle, and then drops again before menstruation occurs. In a study of 200 women, Doreen Kimura, a University of Western Ontario psychology professor, found that when levels of estrogen were high, the women showed greater verbal fluency and used their hands more skillfully than when levels were low. In one test of verbal dexterity, the women were asked to say "A box of mixed biscuits in a biscuit mixer" as fast as possible five times. Their average time was 14 sec. on high-estrogen days, vs. 17 sec. when hormone levels were low. On the other hand, the women's spatial abilities—picking a shape out of a complex pattern, for example—were stronger on low-estrogen days.

Kimura's research is intriguing, but scientists will reserve judgment on the results until they are confirmed or refuted by other studies involving greater numbers of women—and men. In the meantime, the findings could easily be misused. For one thing, the study could encourage some male chauvinist bosses in their belief that women workers are unpredictable and unreliable because of their menstrual cycles. Says Molly Yard, president of the National Organization for Women: "I think the study could be used by some people to denigrate women."

Even if Kimura's results are accurate, they may have little practical significance. Skeptical scientists point out that the impact of hormones on performance could be overwhelmed by other factors, from how much sleep a woman has had to when she drank her last cup of coffee.



Who's Running the Newsroom?

Five editors quit, reflecting new tensions with publishers

In the heyday of yellow journalism at the turn of the century, powerful publishers such as William Randolph Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer did not hesitate to draft their newspapers into the service of a pet cause. Remember the *Maine*? But as papers strove for more credibility with readers and advertisers, publishers were banished from the newsroom, establishing a firm division that was often compared to the constitutional separation of church and state. These days, however, with economic and cultural changes wrenching the newspaper industry, many journalists are concerned that the once sacred boundary between business and editorial departments has begun to blur. "Editors are facing a harder task maintaining their virginity," says former Boston *Globe* editor Thomas Winsp. David Burgin, editor of the Houston *Post* and veteran of five other dailies, is more blunt: "The whole notion of autonomy in the newsroom is extinct. Today, if you had Watergate, you would have to check with the marketing department."

Last week, in a dramatic example of this conflict, *Christian Science Monitor* editor Katherine Fanning, managing editor David Anable and assistant managing editor David Winder all resigned. The immediate cause: the announcement by the managers of the 80-year-old church-owned paper of plans to reduce the *Monitor's* size, run less breaking news and cut the staff by one-fourth. Earlier this month, Atlanta *Journal and Constitution* editor Bill Kovach quit in a dispute with owner Cox Enterprises over the control of budgets, staffing and Washington reporting. Although the two cases differ in specific respects, both boil down to a single issue: management's role in determining the editorial direction of the papers.

Kovach, a highly respected New York *Times* bureau chief, was recruited by Cox two years ago to revive the flagging fortunes of the Atlanta papers. After beefing up the staff and running hard-hitting stories on such powerful local institutions as Coca-Cola and the Georgia Power Co., says Kovach, the papers' managers began urging shorter, softer sto-



When management announced cuts, the *Monitor's* Fanning resigned. "The business side seems to be calling all the shots."

ries in the mold of *USA Today*. Finally, following a showdown with the publisher over control of the papers' Washington bureau, Kovach quit.

His departure sparked a high level of emotion. Some 200 Kovach supporters staged a mock funeral in downtown Atlanta, protesting the "death of a free press." Last week assistant managing editor Dudley Clendinen announced his resignation, complaining of the "continuing collision" between corporate and editorial factions. Management, he said, "sees readers as a market, as opposed to people who need information."

At the financially troubled *Monitor*,

which has spent millions in recent years developing a radio service, a worldwide shortwave operation, a cable TV program and a monthly magazine, the editors were shocked when a cost-cutting proposal they had developed at management's behest was rejected outright in favor of a vastly different plan that would eliminate some of the paper's prized international bureaus. "No self-respecting editor could accept such a downgrading of the importance of the daily newspaper's content and such a compromising of its editorial control and integrity," wrote Anable of the new plan in his letter of resignation. "The decision-making process," says Fanning, "seems to exclude editorial input. The business side seems to be calling all the shots."

Executives at both Cox and the *Monitor* deny that they have compromised the hallowed division between editors and publishers. Indeed, they argue that they were simply doing their jobs: serving the interests of readers. John Hoagland Jr., manager of the Christian Science Publishing Society, says the paper's more than \$200 million losses since 1961 represented a commitment that could not be maintained indefinitely. "It may be the jewel in the crown of the church," he says of the paper, "but you have to have a crown to have a jewel." The more the *Monitor* diversifies into other media, says Hoagland, "the sharper the requirement is for central management."

A former management consultant who helped broker the merger between American Motors Corp. and Renault, Hoagland reflects a view that seems to be sweeping the newspaper industry. Confronted by a long-term slump in circulation and intensifying competition with other media for advertising revenue, many newspaper executives are beginning to demand that editors join the management team rather than pit themselves against it. Editors, they say, can no longer afford to stay aloof from such down-and-dirty concerns as advertising, circulation, production and revenues. "The role of the newspaper editor today has changed," says Robert Giles, vice president and executive editor of the Gannett-owned Detroit *News* and author of *Newsroom Management: A Guide to Theory and Practice*. "The trick is to be able to understand management so that you can fulfill your responsibilities in



After Atlanta editor Bill Kovach left in a dispute with his bosses, protesters marched with effigies of the papers' executives



these new areas and continue to have the time and energy to devote to the newsroom."

Michael Fancher, executive editor of the *Seattle Times*, is the very model of a modern newspaper editor. At his publisher's urging, Fancher completed an M.B.A. program at the University of Washington before taking over the newsroom in 1986. He insists that the degree was not meant to groom him for a future job on the business side of the paper but to make him a better editor. "Editors need to be involved with people in other departments to win their support for the content," he explains. "A lot of journalists feel that the journalistic significance of what we do ought to overwhelm any other consideration. Well, that's not very realistic."

One factor that is pulling editors willy-nilly into the world of management is the decline of family-owned newspapers and the surge in the value of media companies on Wall Street. "It is no longer sufficient for most owners of newspapers to show a good return year in and year out," says Ben Bagdikian, author of *The Media Monopoly*. "There must be increasingly higher returns because those profits are no longer just something that apply to that individual paper. They go to the parent firm, which is often paying off debt for mergers and expansions."

As part of these expanding enterprises, editors are increasingly being evaluated not only on the number of Pulitzer prizes their papers win but also on their ability to produce maximum profits. At some of the country's larger newspaper chains, editors' year-end bonuses are linked, in part, to the bottom line. Sometimes the economic pressures from the business side have a direct bearing on editorial decisions. A publisher seeking "upscale" advertising and readers may apply pressure for upscale stories, says Burgin of the *Houston Post*. "You write about the chic and the trendy and the jet-setters, and you don't do as much as you would about human pain and suffering."

For old-style, independent-minded editors like Fanning and Kovach, such compromises are intolerable. But others argue that the rules of journalism have changed, and there is simply no going back. Says Fancher: "An editor who says to the publisher, 'I just want to concern myself with what's happening; you worry about making money'—that editor doesn't last long." On the other hand, it is important for publishers to realize that quality and integrity are in themselves good investments, even if they sometimes hurt the short-term bottom line. "If the measuring stick is only profit," says Burl Osborne, who is both editor and president of the *Dallas Morning News*, "you can't have a great newspaper."

—By **Laurence Zuckerman**

Reported by **Sam Allis/Boston** and **Naushad S. Mehta/New York**

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People

BY HOWARD G. CHUA-EOAN Reported by David E. Thigpen



Starting from Scratch

Mirabella, Italian for "beautiful vision." What a perfect, even poetic, name for a magazine on style and fashion. But it is more than just a new mag. "When RUPERT MURDOCH said, 'How would you like to do a magazine with your name on it?' that's irresistible," said GRACE MIRABELLA, who was unceremoniously dumped by Condé Nast last June after editing *Vogue* for 17 years. The new magazine will make a spring debut and compete directly with *Vogue*. In the meanwhile, Mirabella is setting up temporary shop in Manhattan. "Some of us don't even have desks yet."



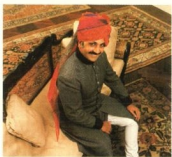
Lawrence Welk, Where Are You?

One dream guided composer **Guy Klugevsek** for years: a vision of himself as the Polka King, complete with crown and accordion, the savior of a denigrated art. "Groups would wait for me," he sighed. Last week the vir-

No Place Like Home

Home for the Maharaja of Jodhpur, "Bupjee" to his friends, is the marble Umaid Bhavan, with its 374 rooms, banquet hall for 300 and a dome 190 ft. high. "The palace is so large," he says, "there are portions I have not seen in 15 years." But kings must now pay their own way in India, and the Maharaja has turned most of the Bhavan into a hotel. Last week he was in Manhattan for the launching of *Maharaja: The Spectacular*

Heritage of Princely India, a lavishly illustrated picture book focused to a large extent on his estate. "I hope," said the Maharaja as humbly as he could, "that this generates interest in Jodhpur." At \$50, it's a rather pricey hotel brochure.



The Blush Turns Scarlet

Ever since she began collaborating with **Prince**, **Sheena Easton's** blush of success has turned a stunning scarlet. Their 1985 hit *Sugar Walls* had parents screaming for censorship. On her next album, *The Lover in Me*, released this month, Prince impishly masquerades as one of her songwriters, Joey Coco. "Something happens when I'm with him," says Easton. "I open my mouth and let it fly, and we get a strong vocal." At least.

tuoso accordionist gathered polka doters and the merely curious in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where he introduced no fewer than 30 polkas in one evening, all composed by his avant-garde musician friends. The oompah-oompah program, called *Polkas from the Fringe*, included such dandies as the

deconstructionist Polka Dots and Laser Beams, the Nova Scotia Polka, with its hints of American Indian themes, and a tour de force combo of Elvis' Hound Dog and Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue called Ain't Nothin' but a Polka. Says Klugevsek, 41: "Polka is good-time music." And so squeezable.

Ronnie Dear, Nancy Knows Best

"A First Lady is a wife, first of all," says NANCY REAGAN. "I certainly felt that for Ronnie's interest." In a tough-minded defense of her role in the White House, she told the Los Angeles Times in an interview published last week that she had no apologies for exerting influence over her husband. "I don't feel his staff served him well," the First Lady said, with specific reference to the Iran-contra scandal. "I'm more aware if somebody is trying to end-run him. I'm more aware of that than he is. It just never occurs to him that anybody is going to do that." During Iran-contra, she said, "he did not know what was going on, and that's not right." She added that often "I ended up telling him" what he had to know. She maintains, however, that the scandal "will be seen in the context... that he was badly served." When asked if National Security Adviser JOHN POINDEXTER and OLIVER NORTH, both indicted in the affair, should be pardoned, Nancy laughed. And did she insist chief of staff DONALD REGAN be fired? "Well, this is going into my book," an autobiography that will "set the record straight on a lot of things." *Et tu, Nancy?*



The Prince Is Not A Potted Plant

Applying a sharp tongue to tabloid cheek, the once and future heir celebrates the big Four-O

Forty is the old age of youth, Victor Hugo said, and last week Charles Philip Arthur George, Prince of Wales, reached that milestone with mixed humors. With equanimity, he accepted honorary promotions in the navy and the air force. With awkward fatherliness, he posed with his family for the official birthday portrait. He graced the expected parties. But he also broke into a harsh outburst on being told about an updated biography claiming that "Diana has a husband who no longer understands her—nor even, it seems, much likes her." Exclaimed Charles:

"Absolutely bloody rubbish!"

But what about the tabloid tales of a troubled prince talking to vegetables and Buddhist lamas? At a party in an abandoned tram depot in depressed Birmingham, with underprivileged youths who have been helped by his charities in attendance, Charles parodied the papers, saying he had sought advice from "an entire bed of old-fashioned roses, forced to listen to my demented ramblings on the meaning of the universe, while sitting cross-legged in the lotus position on the gravel path in front of them." Then, wearing a button saying LIFE BEGINS AT 40, a gift from his sons Prince

Harry and Prince William, he cut his cake and, to the music of a New Orleans Mardi Gras band, cut up the dance floor with the locals. Said a 22-year-old observer: "He really moves well for his age."

At Kensington Palace it was tea with Diana and their sons, before an early dinner with the rest of the royal family—excluding brother Prince Andrew, who was Down Under on H.M.S. *Edinburgh*. The grandest party began at 10:30 p.m. at Buckingham Palace, attended by King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia of Spain, King Olav V of Norway, and the heads of the royal households of Liechtenstein and Luxembourg, as well as by pop stars Elton John and Phil Collins.



"You wouldn't see Margaret Thatcher going up to Birmingham, let alone a tram depot," said one reveler. The last dance had Charles and Di swirling to *La Bamba*.

It was in Birmingham, though, that Charles best expressed his sentiments about being the once and future Prince of Wales. "When will you be King?" asked a less than impressed car worker. Replied Charles: "I might fall under a bus before I get there." —*By H.G.C. Reported by Lisa Distelheim/London*

Cinema

What the Dickens!

Three films based on the master's novels crowd into theaters

BY RICHARD CORLISS

Fagin, Scrooge, Uriah Heep, Mr. Micawber and Mrs. Jellyby—so many of Charles Dickens' great grotesques lurk in memory with the clarity of caricatures. They seem made not just for the page but for the stage and screen. As the great popular novelist of his or any age, Dickens has always been filched by other media. And as a social reformer who, as George Orwell wrote, "succeeded in attacking ev-

ilve veterans Mitch Glazer and Michael O'Donoghue, know that all a TV skit needs is a likable star and some lunatic vamping. Because of the Dickens frame, this formula works at feature length, even if Richard Donner's close-up and impersonal direction clangs like the chains on Marley's ghost. And because, 4½ years after his last star turn in a movie comedy (*Ghostbusters*), Murray remains a roguish delight to watch. As sham friendly as the guy who cheated off you in high school, as

as in dialogue. Dodger is a city-wise mutt who, in Billy Joel's voice, sings an anthem to urban resilience: "I may not have a dime, / But I got street savoir faire!" And in the Fifth Avenue home of the little girl who adopts Oliver dwells a French poodle named Georgette (voiced by Bette Midler). This pooch is one pampered prima donna. "Don't ask a mutt to strut like a show girl," she warbles in a chanteuse whisper that bursts into Ethel Merman brass. "No, girl, you need a pro." And from the pros who made *Oliver* comes the snazziest Disney cartoon since Walt died in 1966.

Dickens might have been Disney, or even one of the *Saturday Night* crew, but could he ever be Chekhov? Christine Edzard, who adapted and directed *Little Dor-*



Great expectations for three adaptations: Jacobi and Pickering in *Little Dorrit*; Dodger showing Oliver some street savoir faire in *Oliver & Company*;

erybody and antagonizing nobody," Dickens invented outsize villains and situations applicable to almost any taste or decade. The endless Broadway and movie adaptations of Dickens stories testify to the vitality of the world he observed and created. That three new films based on his novels are on view in this pre-Christmas season would surprise no one but Scrooge.

It would surely not surprise Frank Cross, the sleaze-hearted TV executive played with conniving brio by Bill Murray in *Scrooged*. Frank has even planned a Christmas Eve broadcast of *A Christmas Carol*, with an all-star cast (Buddy Hackett as Ebenezer, Mary Lou Retton as Tiny Tim). He is bursting with creative ingenuity: he wants tiny reindeer antlers stapled on the forehead of a Christmas mouse. But Frank is about to get scrooged by the ghost of his old boss (John Forsythe), and three Christmas spirits want to teach him a lesson in generosity. He will hallucinate an eyeball in his highball and be told that "garden slugs get more out of life than you do." Retorts Frank: "Name one!"

The film's writers, *Saturday Night*

ersatz hip as a Vegas lounge singer, Murray lets the movie hang agreeably loose. Nobody tried for a masterpiece here; most people should have a good time.

The Walt Disney Co. would seem a natural to do Dickens. Walt was, after all, the Dickens of his day, deviser of a comprehensive world in which humor taught homilies and fantasy purred up against sentimentality. But not until now has the studio based a cartoon musical feature on a Dickens tale. It was worth the wait. *Oliver & Company* is Dickens with a twist, and Disney with a treat. Turning Fagin's gang into canines, transporting them to modern Manhattan and embroidering the scene with street vendors and Tiffany dog tags, the picture makes for a luscious comic valentine to New York City.

The animation (under George Scribner's direction) forfeits the usual Disney gloss in favor of a flatter, grittier palette in the Ralph Bakshi style, as befits the characters. Oliver the orphan kitten is your basic adorable pussycat, but the dogs in the gang that adopts him all have raffish personalities that speak as distinctively in song

rit, must think so. The novel is stuffed with incident—with the histories of five families linked by love, greed and injustice—but in this two-part, six-hour film, so little happens that most of the plot in Part I can later be reprised from another point of view. These Dickens people live in the spaces between heartbeats; grandfather clocks tick the measure of their bleak lives. Minor characters sit in corners, their postures and spirits broken; to everyone else they are just furniture without a function. The film looks tattered as well, like a Vermeer hung too long on a gentleman's drawing-room wall. It is as if the book's pages had been photographed, lovingly but out of focus.

"Throw a little polish into your demeanor," says old William Dorrit (Alec Guinness), and Edzard could take that advice to heart. Her film rarely has even the septuagenarian skip that Guinness puts into his step as he walks through Marshalsea debtors' prison with a sad child's hand in his. The child is William's daughter Amy (Sarah Pickering)—Little Dorrit—who lives with him in Marshalsea and carries herself with the fated pas-

sivity of a heroine from a Robert Bresson film. She does her domestic duty; she waits for death's embrace. First she cares for the aged William, then for sad, dear Arthur Clennam (Derek Jacobi), another child-father in need of redemptive nursing. All three are nature's noble cripples, made for each other. And around them swirl—or, here, meander—a gallery of Dickens eccentrics, cogs in the relentless machinery of the industrial age.

As soon as the moviegoer realizes that this *Dorrit* is to be no sumptuous, briskly rendered *Masterpiece Theater*, he can pick through it for some great performances. Roshan Seth is splendid as Mr. Pancks, a rent collector with an appetite for humiliation and revenge. Amelda Brown is an acute Fanny Dorrit, the elder sister desperate to crash a society that does not deserve her. Eleanor Bron hardly need arch



Murray gets the Christmas spirit in *Scrooged*

a plucked eyebrow to suggest Mrs. Merdle's steely hauteur; Joan Greenwood hardly need move to inhabit the cold carcass of Mrs. Clennam. Jacobi locates eloquence in every sigh, and Pickering finally reveals a gossling beauty, even as *Dorrit*, through sheer persistence of style, finally locks the viewer into its stern rhythm.

But the film belongs to Guinness. His boldness, precision and feline slyness make him an ideal Dickens interpreter (as he proved four decades ago in David Lean's versions of *Great Expectations* and *Oliver Twist*). No screen actor can so impose while doing almost nothing. But here he is one of the few characters allowed any expanse of personality: the man with a squire's manners in a debtors' prison, always "very much obliged" by the commonest courtesy, then crushed by the confines of haut-monde hypocrisy. Guinness's William Dorrit matches his George Smiley as twin capstones of a grand career. He gets an old actor's most precious present—to have a death scene on-camera—and he almost takes *Little Dorrit* to heaven with him.

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Theater

Glamour in a Housecoat

SPILS OF WAR by Michael Weller

BY WILLIAM A. HENRY III

What is the most influential drama in American literary history? As plausible a candidate as any is *The Glass Menagerie*. Since Tennessee Williams brought his family confessional to Broadway in 1945, virtually every U.S. dramatist of substance has revealed himself in a guilt-ridden memory play, from Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* and Eugene O'Neill's long-concealed *Long Day's Journey into Night* to Lanford Wilson's *Lemon Sky* and Neil Simon's *Broadway Bound*. Into those ranks comes Michael Weller. Heretofore best known for *Moonchildren* and the screenplay of *Hair*, both

meanspirited vehemence at the least challenge to macho authority. The exceptional person in this triangle, and the reason Weller's play can arouse memories just as vivid for onlookers as for him, is the mother Elise, played by Kate Nelligan.

Seductive yet deserted, maternal yet undependable, witty and gay in the midst of poverty and squalor, supremely self-confident and supremely self-destructive, Elise might easily seem nothing more than that old literary standby the bundle of paradoxes. As played by Nelligan, the character comes exuberantly alive. Vitality and beauty are common enough in star turns; so is warmth, although Nelligan, whose technical gifts are extraordinary, has never before shown it to this degree on the U.S. stage, and only once on film, in her 1985 performance as a heroic Greek mother in *Eleni*.

Her remarkable feat is to make audiences believe at once in this woman's intelligence and her ultimate helplessness, so that they view her as her son does: with affection and even admiration despite her frustrating fecklessness, her fumbling of life's every chance. From the first scene, when she serves a dinner of warm milk (hers liberally laced from a pocketbook flask) in an apartment without electricity, to the climactic reunion, when she arrives unkempt in a bedraggled housecoat and proceeds to exude glamour and sophistication from every pore, she makes life an adventure. Unlike the mother in *The Glass Menagerie*, whose tale of having 17 gentlemen callers seems a sad fib, Elise is convincing when she says, "I used to make quite the impression when I entered a room. I stood perfectly still, and everything moved in my direction."

There are other things to cherish, notably Alice Playten's touching portrayal of a family friend, and things to regret, including Andrew Jackness's drab, unevocative sets and director Austin Pendleton's clumsy use of them (more than once, stagehands can be seen moving furniture). But Nelligan redeems everything. The play debuted in May at Second Stage, an off-Broadway house primarily devoted to neglected American works. Thanks to a truly unforgettable star, *Spills of War* need not wait for rediscovery. ■



Mother love and filial fascination: Nelligan and Collet

Making a hard life into an exuberant adventure.

valedictories to the '60s, Weller looks back to his adolescence, a decade earlier, in *Spills of War*. His story of estranged parents and a teenage son who schemes to reunite them is a harrowing addition to the genre and the only work of lasting value to debut on Broadway this season.

The stand-in for Weller is Martin (Christopher Collet), a gawky and irritable but predictably literate youth whose clumsy idealism embraces everything from ending the cold war to a metaphorically equivalent attempt to halt the chilly state of nonrecognition between his mother and father. The parents are former leftist activists who once lived for "the movement" and each other, and now find only regret in recalling either ardor. The father (Jeffrey DeMunn) is genial enough—a mildly successful photographer who deflects his son's attempts to romanticize him—although his affability fades into



Hysteric: Liebman, Van Patten and Gregory

Falling Short

RUMORS by Neil Simon

After analyzing himself via not just one memory play but a trilogy—*Brighton Beach Memoirs*, *Biloxi Blues* and *Broadway Bound*—Neil Simon said he wanted to write a play without depth or aspiration, one that was simply funny. So he has turned to old-fashioned, door-slamming, crockery-smashing farce. Given that his third marriage broke up as he was writing, it is not surprising that *Rumors*, which opened on Broadway last week, concerns the vulnerability of the marital relationship to gossipmongering by friends ready to believe the worst.

Any Simon work is eagerly anticipated: *Rumors* has a box-office advance of more than \$2 million. Although preview audiences cheered, in truth the play falls far short of its promise. The plot, which could only have been concocted by a media-shy celebrity, unfolds at a party where the host, a deputy mayor of New York City, lies bleeding from a bullet wound in the earlobe. He is too dazed to talk. His wife and servants are missing. Rather than call for help, the assembled friends launch a cover-up, avoiding scandal ostensibly for their host but also for themselves. Instead of hewing to the consistent if mad logic of successful farce, the conspirators lurk haphazardly from rationale to rationale.

Ron Leibman and Jessica Walter are funny as a crass accountant and his smug wife. Ken Howard and Lisa Banes have striking moments as a would-be state senator and his disenchanted spouse. But the other couples—Andre Gregory and Joyce Van Patten as a spaced-out therapist and his oddball wife, and Mark Nelson and Christine Baranski as neurotic lawyers—derive from TV rather than life. Gene Saks, who won two Tony Awards directing the trilogy, finds few nuances here. —W.A.H. III

Books

A Time for Heroes, Not Saints

PARTING THE WATERS: AMERICA IN THE KING YEARS 1954-1963

by Taylor Branch; Simon & Schuster; 1,064 pages; \$24.95

BY R.Z. SHEPPARD

In the summer of 1963, Martin Luther King Jr. delivered his "I Have a Dream" speech to a crowd of 250,000 that had massed in Washington to support passage of civil rights legislation. It was a high moment. The Georgia preacher's cadences rolled over the Reflecting Pool like God's own truth; the Washington Monument loomed like Mount Sinai. As Mahalia Jackson chimed in, King concluded with the resounding hope that blacks and whites would join hands to sing, in the words of an old Negro spiritual, "Free at last! Free at last!"

Weeks later, this hope was fouled by smoke and flames. In Birmingham, the focus of a school-desegregation campaign, a bomb exploded in the basement of the 16th Street Baptist Church. Four young girls, readying themselves for the Sunday service, were killed.

Others had died in the struggle for civil rights. But after Birmingham, it became harder to sell a strategy of nonviolence. Blacks began to listen more seriously to Malcolm X and other eye-for-an-eye militants. By 1968, when King was assassinated in Memphis, where he had gone to support striking sanitation workers, the language and images of black power dominated the discourse of race relations.

Volume 1 of Taylor Branch's major accomplishment in biography as social history places King convincingly at the center of an American revolution. The son of M.L. King Sr., the formidable pastor of Atlanta's Ebenezer Baptist Church, was no simple country preacher. His faith and oratory were rooted in the rural traditions of the black church, but his social conscience and tactics were molded by formal education and experience.

The nonviolent protest advocated by King proved highly effective in the newly expanded age of jet travel and television news coverage. Clips of black schoolchildren walking through barrages of jeers and spit brought home the snarling face of racism. The sight of orderly demonstrators enduring high-pressure hoses and the fangs of police dogs elicited sympathy and donations.

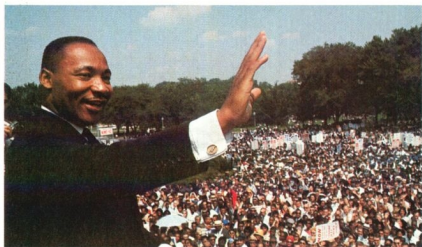
Branch, a journalist formerly on the

staffs of *Harper's* and *Esquire*, retrieves this receding past with all its drama and much of its detail. What may have once seemed a patchwork of events is given structure and coherence. The Montgomery bus boycott, the violence at the University of Mississippi, the murder of Medgar Evers and dozens of lesser-known incidents contributed to a gathering storm.

The personalities of the men and women who organized and led the Free-

tively against blatant segregationists like Birmingham public safety commissioner Bull Connor, but was less successful with powerful political foes in Washington. FBI director J. Edgar Hoover believed that the civil rights movement was Communist-inspired. The bureau had no proof, although some of King's associates had connections to the party.

It was while snooping for incriminating information that Hoover came up with evidence of King's lively extramarital sex life. It was a time for heroes, not saints. The director had similar information about President John F. Kennedy. Branch reinforces an already persuasive case that Hoover used his files to manipulate both men, as well as Attorney Gener-



Excerpt



Knowing that he had wandered completely off his text, some of those behind him on the platform urged him on. . . Later, King said only that he forgot the rest of the speech and took up the first run of oratory that "came to me" . . . "I say to you today, my friends, and so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream."



dom Riders and lunch-counter sit-ins are drawn with clarity and perception. The battle cry "We shall overcome" often takes on subtle meanings that illustrate the complexities of courageous acts. For example, Rosa Parks, the woman who sparked the 1955 Montgomery bus boycott when she refused to give her seat to a white man, had to master her conflicts about respectability. "Having crossed the line that in polite society divided Negroes from niggers," writes Branch, "she had reason to expect not only stinging disgrace among her own people but the least civilized attentions of the whites."

As the South's most famous black clergyman, King had God on his side. The spiritual and moral alliance worked effec-

al Robert Kennedy, who needed to protect his brother from scandal.

The pastor and the President shared more important interests, but in the end their association was ill-fated. Branch reminds us that J.F.K.'s record on pushing civil rights legislation was not outstanding. Consequently, King found the Kennedy assassination something of a blessing. "I'm convinced," he told an interviewer, "that had he lived, there would have been continual delays." Ironically, Kennedy's death created a moral climate in which Lyndon Johnson was able to force a civil rights bill through Congress. The Lord, as King might have reflected, moves in mysterious ways, especially for the nonviolent. ■



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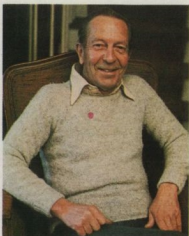
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Grace Notes

THE LETTERS OF JOHN CHEEVER

Edited by Benjamin Cheever
Simon & Schuster; 397 pages; \$19.95

Throughout most of his career, John Cheever labored amid the general impression that he was, at best, a minor writer. After all, his specialty was short stories. Never mind that they were clear, sparkling and frequently unforgettable; most of them appeared in *The New Yorker* and could be dismissed by the grim custodians of literary reputations as well-bred entertainments for the well-to-do. Doubts about his importance dwindled only toward the end of his life. His fourth novel, *Falconer* (1977), won extensive critical and popular acclaim, and the pub-



Cheever in 1979: kisses preserved

"Interest is the first canon of aesthetics."

lication of *The Stories of John Cheever* (1978) prompted general jubilation.

This upswing in Cheever's respectability accelerated after his death in 1982. Two books about him have since appeared: a memoir by his daughter Susan, *Home Before Dark* (1984), and Scott Donaldson's *John Cheever: A Biography*, published earlier this year. More collections are on the way. After legal wranglings, a compromise between the Cheever estate and a Midwestern publisher has been reached: a selection of the author's uncollected stories will appear next spring. And Cheever's private journals will surely be made public soon. All of this activity prompts a question. If Cheever's early obscurity was unjustified, might not these posthumous publications be a compensatory case of too much too late?

The *Letters of John Cheever* provides a quick, easy answer: no. The author believed, as he once wrote a friend, that "the common minutiae of life" are "the raw material of most good letters." Cheever's letters are crammed with everyday de-

tails, although such information does not shed much new light on his fiction, which was luminous enough to begin with. To learn more about Cheever is to take a refresher course in the pleasure of his company. He could toss off a letter that made even a motel remarkable: "The furniture was of no discernible period or inspiration and I think if you studied the dressing-table long enough you might go insane." Cheever's correspondence, as selected, edited and annotated by his son Benjamin, amounts to an entirely new story—long, engrossing and recounted with characteristic grace.

Although he was a faithful letter writer, Cheever assumed that his pen pals would destroy his missives as casually as he did theirs. He was thus startled in 1959 to hear from author Josephine Herbst that she had been saving his mail. "Yesterday's roses," he wrote back, playfully dismissing her collection of his work, "yesterday's kisses, yesterday's snows." Cheever's self-conscious approach allowed his imagination and love of language free play. The supposedly ephemeral results of this process were, paradoxically, often memorable. Here is a 1946 description of his surroundings during a vacation in New Hampshire: "The pastures are stony, the mountains are leonine, the natives are taciturn and vernal, the sunsets are red, and in the early evenings you can hear, from the shores of the lake, the brave and innocent voices of little children, singing some gibberish song about what a wonderful time they're having at Camp Wonk-a-tonk."

Cheever regularly threw away sentences that lesser talents might have hoarded, had they been capable of writing them at all. As a first-time parent, he confided, "Sending a child off to nursery school is like sending your bottom drawer off to the board of health." He could mock others, wickedly: "Edmund Wilson has printed a collection of questionable short stories and in one there is a long description of carnal copulation irreparable damage if it hadn't been quite as deeply rooted." And he could make fun of himself, including his diminutive (5 ft. 6 in.) height. Writing from Italy in 1956, where he and his family spent a year, he described his rented palazzo: "There is only one chair in the salon where I can sit and have my feet touch the floor and there are two chairs where my feet don't even hang over the edge."

This sounds like overstatement, and probably was. But Cheever, as he confided in another letter, believed that "interest is the first canon of aesthetics." Whatever he wrote about—his work, his wife and children, his Labrador retrievers, his problems with alcohol and homosexuality—he never forgot to keep his correspondent engaged and amused. Those who received his letters were lucky. This book extends the range of their good fortune.

—By Paul Gray

Sick-Dog Blues

THE FOOL'S PROGRESS

by Edward Abbey
Henry Holt; 485 pages; \$19.95

"Upon publication," the publicity blurb wretchedly announces, "Edward Abbey will tour the following cities: Los Angeles, San Francisco ... New York and Washington." Why wretchedly? Because Abbey loyalists don't like to imagine their prophet—that grand old desert solitary, that North American champion of the ideological beer-can toss—getting anywhere near Los Angeles, New York or those other evil megaburbs. Somebody might package his crankiness for distribution in health-food stores, or subject him to relentless understanding on public TV.

A few decades ago, the author began working as a seasonal fire lookout and park ranger in outposts like Arches National Park in southeastern Utah. Out of these



Abbey

cherished stints of one-lone brooding came such collections of marvelously cross-grained essays as *Desert Solitaire* and *Abbey's Road*, and that wistful novel of eco-banditry *The Monkey Wrench Gang*.

Henry Lightcap, hero of the present novel, is a freestyle philosopher and romantic crank, madly in love with the West as it used to be and waitresses and barmaids as some of them still are. He shares Abbey's employment history, his age more or less (late middle), his marrying habit (Abbey's present wife is his fifth) and his sour gallantry. His position on beer-can tossing is the master's: the highway is an abomination, and thus the litter that sullies it is a blow for truth and beauty.

Lightcap, alas, has fallen on bad times. His latest wife has left him for the usual good reasons, he and his job at the Tucson welfare office are irreconcilable, his charge-card credit has seized up, his old dog is fatally ill, and he has a gut ache that sounds bad. In this woeful condition he hits the highway, heading home to his older brother Will, who still tends the family farm in West Virginia.

Yes, folks, it's mournful country music that makes your blue eyes water. Call it the *Sick-Dog Blues*. Abbey, who must have written this on a banjo, not a typewriter, is feeling sorry for his hero and probably for himself too. What saves the book is that he is skilled enough to pull sympathetic readers into his own mood of regret, not just for long-gone youth and foolishness, but for small-town, big-sky Western life as it was before shopping malls and industrial parks ate the best of it.

—By John Shaw

Letters

Peterson's Remedy

As chairman of the U.S. House of Representatives' Select Committee on Aging, I find it appalling that former Commerce Secretary Peter Peterson argues for a reduction of age-based entitlement programs and yet proposes that age be used as a guideline to determine who should or should not receive lifesaving dialysis treatment [INTERVIEW, Oct. 31]. His ominous-sounding notion that an increasing aged dependency ratio is going to bankrupt America's youth is blown out of proportion. His assumption overlooks the fact that the total dependency ratio, which measures the number of nonworkers (persons under 18 and those age 65 and older) to workers, is not projected to exceed 1964 levels. While it is true that expenditures for younger and older persons are not equivalent, the total ratio of nonworkers to workers provides a more realistic measure of what the economy will need to support. Peterson's thesis seeks to frame issues only in terms of trade-offs between the young and the old and ignores other options, such as whether an expanding economy or increased revenues are needed, whether we are getting our money's worth from other budget items such as national defense, and whether new policies are required to meet the needs of all our most vulnerable citizens, regardless of age.

*Edward R. Roybal, U.S. Representative
25th District, California
Washington*

Peterson wants Social Security payments taken away from those who are not in "need." Many who were prudent enough to provide their own financial resources for their retirement years could have done a lot better if they had been able to seek additional annuities or other investments instead of paying Social Security taxes. After contributing to Social Security, people are entitled to the benefits they were promised when they made those payments.

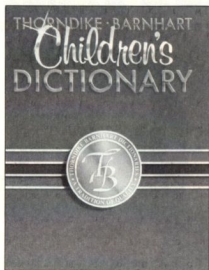
*Max Hirschfelder
Centralia, Ill.*

Peterson's comments will no doubt be vilified by the vociferous senior citizens' lobby. However, we would benefit from having more of his type of thinking to stem the cascade of federal funds into the coffers of the obviously noneedy.

*Robert A. Schmidt
Grand Rapids*

I was commissioner of Social Security from 1962 to 1973. There are many experts who disagree with Peterson. Just one point: the Social Security board of trustees has reported in each of the past six years on the basis of exhaustive

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Critics' Choice



THEATER

WAITING FOR GODOT. Samuel Beckett takes a backseat to inspired by intrusive clowning by Robin Williams and Steve Martin in a sold-out run at Manhattan's Lincoln Center.

EASTERN STANDARD. Insider trading, bag ladies, AIDS and the excesses of nouvelle cuisine—everything '80s gets skewered, then sentimentalized, in a deft off-Broadway satire.

ITALIAN AMERICAN RECONCILIATION. In John Patrick Shanley's *Little Italy*, all the women are worldly-wise, and all the men are moonstruck. John Turturro leads the cast of this chocolate-heart comedy at the Manhattan Theater Club.



BOOKS

THE HIGH ROAD by Edna O'Brien (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$18.95). The Irish author made her reputation writing about headstrong girls dashing toward the flame of maturity; her tenth novel portrays women who have come out on the other side, badly burned.

THE MARCOS DYNASTY by Sterling Seagrave (Harper & Row; \$22.50). This merciless account of the Filipino dictator's rise and fall poses many intriguing questions, answer-

ing some. Why did Ferdinand purloin billions of dollars? What did Imelda want with all those shoes?

THE KING OF THE FIELDS by Isaac Bashevis Singer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$18.95). In his first novel in five years, the Nobel laureate, 84, portrays a remote tribe in a faraway past enduring the shocks of progress and civilization.



MUSIC

LOS LOBOS: LA PISTOLA Y EL CORAZON (Warner Bros.). Nine Mexican songs, contemporary but not homogenized by an ace rock band. Roots music for everyone to share.

LISZT: CONCERTOS NOS. 1 AND 2; TOTENTANZ (DG). Pianistic fireworks from Poland's Krystian Zimerman, abetted by Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony. Tops: the underrated *Totentanz* (Dance of Death), a performance sure to rattle a few skeletons.

BEETHOVEN: EARLY YEARS THROUGH THE EROICA (Smithsonian Collection of Recordings). Just what the world needs: more Beethoven. But wait. This collection is played with vim and vigor on original instruments: Beethoven like he oughtta be.

ETTA JAMES: SEVEN YEAR ITCH (Island). Attention: danger of electric shock. High-voltage R. and B. from a woman who has so much funk, soul, sex and humor that, on a tune like *Jump into My Fire*, you can hear the flames crackle.



MOVIES

THE ACCUSED. Can a slut be raped? That is the question in this engrossing drama about a victimized vamp (Jodie Foster) and an avenging angel of a prosecutor (Kelly McGillis) who pursues her case.

EVERYBODY'S ALL-AMERICAN. A college star (Dennis Quaid) peaks early; his prom-queen wife (Jessica Lange) piques often; a star-struck bookworm (Timothy Hutton) peeks into their problems. Taylor Hackford's entertaining soap opera polishes the clichés until they shine like movie truths.

A CRY IN THE DARK. A mother's nightmare—the loss of her baby—is compounded when she is wrongly convicted of murdering the infant. Meryl Streep is awesomely austere as the second victim in this tough-minded drama, based on a 1980 case in Australia.



TELEVISION

THE EAGLE (PBS, Nov. 25, 9 p.m. on most stations). Rudolph Valentino, the silent screen's Tony Danza, plays a dashing Cossack lieutenant in the 1925 classic, newly restored and rescored, on *Great Performances*.

A DANGEROUS LIFE (HBO, Nov. 27, 28, 29, 8 p.m. EST). A dictator is deposed, a former housewife sweeps into power, and the Philippine revolution is replayed, docudrama style, through the eyes of an American reporter (Gary Busey).

DISASTER AT SILO 7 (ABC, Nov. 27, 9 p.m. EST). A mishap at a U.S. missile base threatens the Texas countryside with nuclear nightmare; Michael O'Keefe and Dennis Weaver race to save the day.



ART

THE PASTORAL LANDSCAPE. National Gallery of Art and the Phillips Collection, Washington. In this joint venture, the National offers "The Legacy of Venice," two centuries of painting from Giorgione (a progenitor of the pastoral genre) to Watteau, while the Phillips, in "The Modern Vision," carries the theme from Constable down to Matisse. Through Jan. 22.

DREAMINGS: THE ART OF ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIA. Asia Society, New York City. Exponents of the oldest visual tradition on earth evoke their spirit ancestors in paintings and carvings of striking beauty. Through Dec. 31.

MONET IN LONDON. High Museum, Atlanta. To mark the museum's fifth anniversary, a show of 23 atmospheric views of Waterloo and Charing Cross bridges and the Houses of Parliament, done by the impressionist between 1899 and 1904. Through Jan. 8.

Is the shuttle program legitimate
scientific research or a huge national ego trip?
And is the pursuit of the dream worth the cost?

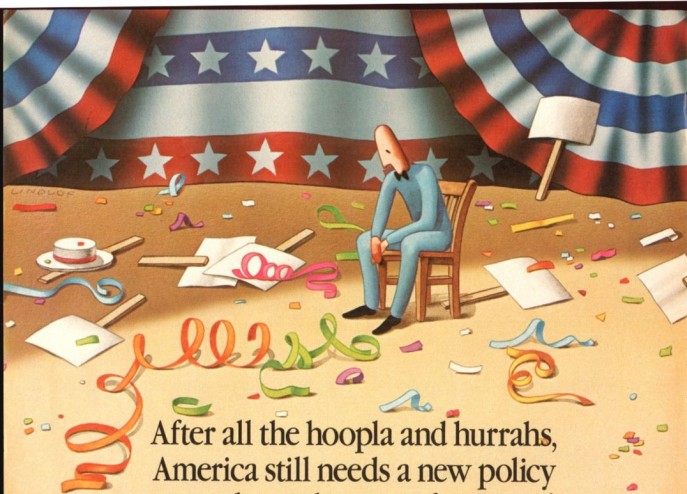
After the cheering stopped, TIME probed
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behind the shuttle's return to space.

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After all the hoopla and hurrahs, America still needs a new policy to cut dependence on foreign oil.

Now that the election is over, we need a new national energy policy to encourage the development of proven alternatives to foreign oil, alternatives such as nuclear energy. A sudden oil embargo today would devastate our economy and threaten our national security.

America is using more and more foreign oil. We will soon be importing nearly 50 percent of all the oil we use.

We need a balanced national energy policy that will stimulate the use of alternatives to the growing threat of foreign oil. These alternatives must enable America to use energy more efficiently, invigorate our economic growth, supply our growing electricity needs, protect our environment,

and reduce our dangerous dependence on foreign oil.

Nuclear Energy Cuts Oil Imports

Nuclear energy plays a major role in meeting all the requirements of a balanced energy policy. By making electricity with nuclear energy instead of oil, America's 109 nuclear power plants have already saved over 3 billion barrels of oil and over \$100 billion in foreign oil payments. The savings will continue over the life of these plants. And new nuclear plants can supply the electricity our economy needs to grow—if we develop a new energy policy.

New Policy Needed

National issues require a national policy. But America's current energy policy is often decided on a short-term, state-by-state, case-by-case basis. This inconsistent approach and regulatory uncertainties at the

federal, state and local levels make it difficult to plan and invest in proven long-term energy sources. We must solve those problems. Countries like Japan and France already pursue a long-term national energy policy of decreased dependence on foreign oil through the development of alternatives like nuclear energy. America should do it too.

Now that the confetti has been thrown, the winners have been cheered, and the elections are over, it's time for America to carry out a national policy that puts our energy destiny back in our own hands.

For a free booklet on energy independence, write to the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 66103, Dept. PC01, Washington, D.C. 20035. Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.

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Food



THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COOKBOOK



From the kitchen of diva Regina Resnick comes an elegant cold veal roast, served with mementos from Carmen. This gorgeous compendium includes pasta from Pavarotti and eggplant from Leontyne Price.

Cookbooks to Give Thanks For

An autumn harvest offers American standards, Asian flavors and universal inspiration

BY MIMI SHERATON

With restaurant fever still epidemic in the U.S. and the national passion for "take-out" almost as strong, it is a bit surprising—and heartwarming—that publishers keep investing in cookbooks. Clearly, they believe there are plenty of old-fashioned souls who persist in doing their own cooking, if not for workaday meals, then at least on weekends and for guests. In fact, that is the tone of this year's better cookbooks. They tend to emphasize dishes that are stylish and special, though without the fussiness seen in recent years.

American regional cooking remains well represented on the nation's bookshelves. But now, as palates tire of the green chili, blue cornmeal and black beans of the Southwest, attention is turning to the vivid and ethnically mixed cuisine of the Pacific Northwest—with its salmon and oysters, wild berries and herbs, tree fruits and game. The best culinary guide to the region is *Northwest Bounty* by Schuyler Ingle and Sharon Kramis (Simon & Schuster; \$18.95). The enticing recipes should inspire Americans across the country to try piquant specialties like pickled Walla Walla sweet onions and such cross-cultural inventions as Sichuan pepper-

broiled salmon with cilantro sour-cream sauce.

New American cooking is the theme of *The Trellis Cookbook* by Marcel Desaulniers (Weidenfeld & Nicolson; \$25). Unlike most recipes from restaurant chefs, these from the Trellis Restaurant



THE CAKE BIBLE



BY BETTY LEVIN

An art-deco exterior conceals a cake of sinfully rich bitter-sweet chocolate. Beranbaum's *Bible* also gives chapter and verse on some low-cholesterol confections.

in Colonial Williamsburg can be managed by mere mortals with only two hands. Some dishes have many steps (grilled smoked lamb with artichokes and slab bacon on fresh-thyme fettuccine), but Desaulniers outlines how to organize ahead. Corn and tomato fritters, roast loin of pork with walnut butter and a chocolate-praline ice cream terrine are winners.

If you think you've heard the last word on pasta, then you have not read Giuliano Bugialli's new work, *Bugialli on Pasta* (Simon & Schuster; \$24.95). This time the exacting cooking teacher presents a magnificently clear illustrated work not only on the rolling and shaping of pasta but also on the preparing of artichokes, squid and other ingredients that go into sauces. In time for winter entertaining are such irresistibles as the *pappardelle* (wide noodles) with duck or lamb and cannellini plump with a wild-mushroom stuffing.

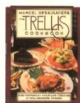
Paula Wolfert's *World of Food* (Harper & Row; \$25) is a solid, serious and sensuous collection of her favorite recipes, sprinkled liberally with her usual didactic asides. A specialist in the cuisines of Morocco, southwest France and the Mediterranean, Wolfert wanders afield and offers up not only *caponata*, the Sicilian vegetable appetizer, and the fragrant

Food



BUGIALLI
ON PASTA

GIULIANO BUGIALLI
Spaghetti glossed with oil, pepper and garlic is one of the simpler and more aromatic dishes in this savory book by a veteran cooking teacher.



A treasury of new American fare from an eatery in Colonial Williamsburg features stuffed quail with potato cakes and wild mushrooms.



tagine stews of Morocco but also the lusty Alsatian casserole of meat, onions and potatoes known as *hackeeff*.

An even more individualized approach to food can be found in Sylvia Thompson's *Feasts and Friends* (North Point Press; \$21.95), a beautifully evocative memoir recounting the author's dining adventures in California and Europe. The daughter of actress Gloria Stuart, Thompson learned good cooking at home in Hollywood, where dinner guests included Groucho Marx and Robert Benchley. Traveling around Europe, cooking while in and out of love, she developed an eclectic repertoire: from Russian fish soup to French vegetable soup with white wine, from Southern "transparent pie"—made with quince jelly—to an opaque Dutch apple pudding. The icing on the cake is a

foreword by the incomparable food writer M.F.K. Fisher, the author's godmother.

The Cake Bible by Rose Levy Beranbaum (Morrow; \$25) is not for fair-weather bakers but an exhaustive scripture on lavish baking. If the recipes are brilliantly explicit, it is because Beranbaum has spent years teaching, and knows where amateurs usually go wrong. Basic cakes and fillings are included, along with how-to's on decoration. Among her creations are cakes that look like pinecones, forests and dotted Swiss cascades. There are even a few low-cholesterol recipes.

With Eastern influences on Western food still growing, curious cooks should welcome Bruce Cost's *Asian Ingredients* (Morrow; \$22.95). It provides a clear delineation of the spices, herbs, fruits, vegetables, oils, vinegars and soy sauces that

so many chefs are now using to accent European dishes. Cost offers sketches to help readers recognize exotic ingredients, along with shopping guidance.

Eastern sensibilities—specifically the delicate seasonings of Japan—also float through Elizabeth Andoh's *An Ocean of Flavor* (Morrow; \$20.95). Andoh, an American who is married to a Japanese and has spent many years in Japan, makes a fine guide to that country's methods of enhancing the flavor of seafood without obliterating it. She explains as well the techniques of frying, poaching, grilling and cutting raw fish for the right textural contrasts and warns about pollutants and parasites. Fried soft-shell crabs in a spicy sauce, cold poached tilefish with mustard-miso sauce and fiddlehead ferns, and a careful, simple tempura recipe are among the enticements.

Those who have had their fill of the light and the lean may be ready for the solid fare of the Balkans. *The Balkan Cookbook* by Radojko Mrljes (Hippocrene; \$24.95) is aglow with the juicy, garlic-perfumed grilled meats, winter-warm soups and aromatic oregano- and onion-flavored stews. From Greece, Turkey, Rumania, Albania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria come such delights as baked corn bread with pungent Serbian cheese, seductively oily stuffed vegetable dolmas and appetizers enriched with the region's classic mixture of dill, cucumber and yogurt.

The Metropolitan Opera Cookbook (Stewart, Tabori & Chang; \$30), edited by Jules Bond, features recipes from the stars of the great opera house. At first glance, it would seem a gimmicky celebrity come-on, short on substance. Not so. Opera folk tend to love food, and since they hail from so many countries, the collection is rich and varied. Like many Met productions, the book is visually gorgeous; in fact, it is too pretty to cook by. It would be nice to have a recipes-only version for the kitchen. With luck it would still include Sherill Milne's Hungarian goulash soup, Regina Resnik's cold stuffed veal roast and Plácido Domingo's opulent *zarzuela de mariscos*, a symphony of shellfish, wine, saffron, olive oil, peppers and garlic.

Inevitably, there is culinary madness this season, with no fewer than three astrological cookbooks—perhaps the perfect gifts for Nancy Reagan's new Bel Air kitchen. With such loony titles as *Cosmic Cuisine* (Harper & Row; \$19.95), they stress the importance of choosing foods to suit one's sun sign. But while one claims that Cancers prefer a dish of spaghetti with a strong taste of the Mediterranean, another says they're inclined toward turnips. Alas, those looking for clear celestial guidance will find that their stars are crossed.

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